

LONGLEGS

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Oh, you're slim
And you're weak
You got the teeth of the hydra
Upon you.

You're dirty sweet
And you're my girl.

T. Rex [1971]

1

ND - ND (OVER BLACK)

1

On an car radio, ROCK N' ROLL plays soft and scratchy.

But is the screen actually, completely black?

No, it's a deep black-red, like the color of blood when drawn up into a syringe and collected in a vial --

And the longer we look, our eyes adjusting to see it's not a static screen, but **a shifting nest of hissing serpents** --

*

And now the sound of **TIRES** rolling along on rough country road, the **CREAKING SUSPENSION** of an older car.

*

And now, blooming outward from the center of the deep black-red screen, **a vignetted iris effect**, opening up to reveal --

2

EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DAY

2

*

A POV of a rural road [DRIVING / late afternoon]

Through the POV of small person in the passenger seat of a moving automobile - a CHILD, maybe - dim and dark as if seen through a **BLACK VEIL**. Winter trees scroll past.

*

Superimpose title: **Part One. January 13, 1974.**

*

We hear the automobile's **CREAKING SUSPENSION**, and we see some of the interior: **a rabbit's foot keychain** hanging off the key in the ignition, mangy with fake yellowed-white hair.

The POV remains fixed, dim through the veil as the vehicle takes a gradual curve and slows to a dead stop.

The vehicle stopped, the veiled POV *turns* to look up a short hill at a small **WHITE HOUSE**, all alone out here --

3

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - LEE'S BEDROOM - DAY

3

*

A **LITTLE GIRL** at a table, at a window, doodling on paper. She likes to draw **funny faces**.

But right now her attention is on the **STATION WAGON** pulling up in front, some 30 yards away. It's white but not at all clean, some lettering on the door, too far away to read.

She spots the **DRIVER** getting out: a glimpse from a distance. Tall and thin and dressed in not-clean white clothes. *Is he a repairman of some kind?*

*

The little girl drifts through the rooms, watching out the windows. Somewhere in the house: a **child sized red piano**.

*

4

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

4

Puffy jacket and mittens on, the little girl loops a **Polaroid camera** around her neck.

5

EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DAY

5

The little girl drifts to the crest of a small hill that looks down at the station wagon parked there on the road, doesn't see any **DRIVER** inside.

*

*

*

But she does see a **SMALL SOMEONE** in the passenger seat, under a sheet of black fabric. Would be nice if it were a kid --

*

It's probably none of her business so she turns back towards her house, stopping at the sight of --

*

*

A **PALE FACED MAN** peeking out from behind the corner of her house. He's there, and then he quickly pulls himself back out of sight. It was very quick, only long enough to see that he's *far too pale*.

*

*

*

*

But his movement felt playful, and the little girl is curious, carefully going around the corner of the house to find him, now in her **backyard** --

*

*

*

But he's not there. She stops.

*

And soft over her shoulder we see him approaching. He gets close enough, and --

*

*

LONGLEGS

(off)

There she is. The Almost. Birthday
Girl.

*

She turns, surprised but not startled. How did he get behind her? She sees his face, doesn't like it, casts her eyes down.

But she did see him. And through her eyes we saw him, too, still only very briefly.

*

LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

But. Oh. Seems I wore my long legs today. What happens if I.

Putting his hands on his knees - one at a time - he bends down. She adjusts her glance down, showing him to us through her eyes, from the neck down. No face. Not yet.

LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

There. That's shorter. And now. I'm ready for that. Picture.

She doesn't want to be rude, but keeps her eyes averted as she raises the Polaroid. She snaps a shot.

LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

Cheese. And crackers.

The picture grinds out of the camera. And in the distance --

HER MOM

(calling out, off-screen)

HEY.

The little girl pockets the Polaroid picture in her jacket, just as **HER MOM [RUTH]** is upon them: maybe 30 and wearing **nurse's scrubs, heavy boots and gardening gloves**. Deborah Winger-tough, but a little shaky at the sight of this man who we still haven't really seen for ourselves.

*

HER MOM (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Who are you and what are you doing talking to my kid?

The little girl watches her Mom. We don't see Longlegs again in this scene. *It's enough to feel his effect.*

LONGLEGS

(off)

I'm. A friend. Of a friend.

HER MOM

What friend?

LONGLEGS

My friend. That lives downstairs.

HER MOM

Downstairs? Downstairs from where?

LONGLEGS

Why. From everywhere. In fact. You might call him. Mister Downstairs.

HER MOM

You need to leave. Now.

LONGLEGS

Just dropping off. An early. Birthday gift. A gift from. The Church.

(then)

You've won!

HER MOM

She doesn't need anything.

LONGLEGS

The gift isn't for the child. It's your day, too. Mama.

Her Mom shifts her feet --

HER MOM

You can keep whatever it is. Who do you know at our church?

LONGLEGS

Perhaps later. When the child sleeps. And your husband is home.

HER MOM

Husband? Yeah, no, I don't --

But she stops herself. Better not say she doesn't have a --

LONGLEGS

Oh. But I was sure we saw.

5A **EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - BRIEF INSERT - NIGHT**

5A *

A day or so earlier, the POV we saw in the opening - now unveiled, as if through Longlegs' eyes - looking up the hill to the little white house, ZOOMING up into a window in which we see the shapes of the Little Girl's Mom arguing with a **PARTIALLY-VISIBLE MAN** [her boyfriend, Gus]. And --

5B **INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - BRIEF INSERT - NIGHT [SAME MOMENT]**

5B *

The reverse of the same, from inside looking out the window and down the hill to the unnoticed car parked on the road.

*
*

5

RESUME SCENE IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE IN THE PRESENT [DAY] 5

LONGLEGS

A mistake. You'll have to forgive
me. You're only. My seventh. New
friends.

*

She looks at him, doesn't want to be looking at him.

LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

Your lovely white house. Must. Have
a good. Sized basement.

HER MOM

Sir. You need to leave. Now.

LONGLEGS

(a long stilted pause)

Fine. That's fine. But. Now listen to this.

(then, he sings)

*Let me in now and it can be nice.
Make me go now and I'll have to
come back. Not once. Not twice. But
as many times as I likes.*

The little girl is looking at her Mom, who's deeply uncomfortable looking at this strange visitor.

LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

Fine. And fine. And fine. And fine.
And fine and fine again.

*

*

He turns on his heel and walks back in the direction he came.
And we watch him go, in no particular hurry --

6

EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

6

Night has fallen. A non-negotiable country dark.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S MOM [PRE-LAP]

(as if into a phone)

I dunno. Six foot at least. Tall.
And I'd say thin.

7

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

7

Standing at a window, looking out to the road, talking on the phone, cigarette burning.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S MOM

(into the phone)

His skin was pale. Very pale. Not in a normal, uh, natural way. Maybe it was some kind of makeup I dunno. Not really a what's it called... an albino, I don't think.

(listens, then)

No his eyes were dark. Very. I don't know I didn't really look.

(then)

I'm here alone with my kid, so...

She checks the window: a single lightbulb high in a tree casts a pool of light onto an empty patch of ground --

8 OMITTED 8 *

9 INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - LEE'S ROOM - NIGHT 9

The little girl is in bed when her Mom comes in. *

 HER MOM
 You doing okay?

The little girl nods, and only barely.

 HER MOM (CONT'D)
 Good news. I got Deborah to cover *
 my shift tomorrow. And it's *
 somebody's birthday... *
 (then)
 What do you wanna do? *

She watches her Mom, her wan smile and distracted eyes.

 THE LITTLE GIRL
 Do you miss Gus?

 HER MOM
 No. And yes, sort of.
 (then)
 What about you? You miss Gus?

As an answer, the Little Girl suddenly hinges up to give her mom a tight hug. Mom wasn't expecting it and tenses, softens.

 THE LITTLE GIRL
 I'm sorry if you feel bad, momma.

 HER MOM
 Thank you, sweetpea. That's nice. *

Arms tight around her mom, the Little Girl looks to her jacket on the hook by the door.

HER MOM (CONT'D)

Let's go to the toy store tomorrow
and get you something extra, extra
special, okay?

THE LITTLE GIRL

Yes.

HER MOM

Okay, YES.

THE LITTLE GIRL

Will you tell me a story?

HER MOM

Not tonight.

The Little Girl ends the hug, looks at her Mom.

THE LITTLE GIRL

Why not?

HER MOM

Did you say your prayers?

THE LITTLE GIRL

Do I have to?

HER MOM

You should. Our prayers protect us.

THE LITTLE GIRL

From what?

Her Mom considers a best answer, especially after the Visitor earlier that day. She peck-kisses the Little Girl's head.

10

INT/EXT RUTH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

10

Her Mom at a window with a cigarette and an open Bible,
looking out at the patch of light in the driveway.

She looks down to her Bible, her finger tracing a section of
Revelation that we hear dimly, as if in her head:

HER MOM [OVER]

*And I stood upon the sand of the
sea, and saw a Beast rise out of
the sea, having seven heads and ten
horns, and upon his horns ten
crowns, and on his heads the name
of blasphemy...*

*

She shakes her head at it.

HER MOM
(for herself)
Wonderful. Thank you, Jesus.

*

11 **INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT/LATER** 11

Mom does dishes, occasionally checking the window, the patch of light in the driveway.

12 **INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT/LATER** 12

Mom at a bathroom sink, working a soapy cloth over the cuff of her nurse's scrubs, rubbing what can only be a spot of old blood. She stops the faucet to listen to the house, hearing only crickets.

13 **INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT/LATER** 13

Mom clicks downstairs lights off one by one, systematically painting herself into a lit corner.

She clicks off the last lamp and goes from the room, leaving us there with the single window of light from outside.

The light in the window trembles and headlights rake in through the windows, casting pale shadows in the bedroom.

*

And we hear the faint **RUMBLE** of a car's engine, the crush of leaves and sticks under a car's tires, and --

14 **INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - LEE'S ROOM - NIGHT** 14

The little girl's curtains are closed and so she's unaware of the station wagon out there. She clicks on her bedside lamp and gets out of bed, goes to the puffy jacket and carefully **UNHIDES** the Polaroid --

We don't see the picture. We only see that she doesn't like it, holding it to her chest and casting an uneasy glance around the room as if for a place to hide it --

15 **INT./EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT** 15

*

Her mom at a window, on the phone, listening to it ring and ring, watching the station wagon in the pool of light.

HER MOM

Come on, come on, someone pick up.
Goddamn it.

She hangs up, panic rising as she crosses the house towards a **MUDROOM**, finding her **shotgun**. But it doesn't make her feel better, because --

She hinges it open. It's not loaded.

HER MOM (CONT'D)

(airless)
Of course not.

She hears a **CRUNCH** of dead leaves outside. Footfalls.

15A **EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT [SAME MOMENT]** 15A *

The **dark shadow of MAN**, the light source positioned in such a way that it casts **long legs** on the ground as he goes --

15B **RESUME INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS [SAME MOMENT]** 15B *

She clunks the gun closed. She'll just have to fake it --

She creaks on the old floors over to the window for a better look. Only still and silent night out there --

And then, emerging from the dark, front-lit by the lights on inside the house --

LONGLEGS, walking in no hurry up to the house with no attempt to conceal himself. He's carrying something in his arms.

Her Mom jumps back from the window, no idea what to do, aside from trying to keep perfectly still as she watches --

Longlegs comes straight up to the glass, locking eyes with Mom, clearly showing her and us **his terrible, pale face** that is only rudimentarily disguised by roughly-applied, **chalky white makeup**.

And in his arms, **a small and slight figure**, like a child, its little feet sticking out from under a long piece of black fabric that's been draped over its head.

16 **INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - LEE'S ROOM - NIGHT/SAME MOMENT** 16

The little girl is kneeling at a **wooden toy chest**, replacing the lid; on the lid, in stenciled letters, it says **MY STUFF**.

There is a jarring **THUD** somewhere downstairs. The little girl stiffens at the sound, looks to her closed bedroom door.

Somewhere else in the house, a **SPLINTERING CRACK** and a single **ANGUISHED CRY:** her Mom's voice, cut short. *

And now it's suddenly too quiet, because -- *

17

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

17 *

It's horrible: Longlegs hog-tying her Mom with clothesline as she CRIES and SCREAMS into a rag that's fixed in her mouth --

Her eyes on the **small, slight figure**, still draped in the black veil and now positioned to sit motionless in a chair in the corner, "watching", as it were.

Longlegs gets low, close to Mom's ear.

LONGLEGS

You could have let me in. Earlier.
Made nice. With me. But you didn't.
And now that. Has become. All. Of
this.

*
*

Meanwhile --

18

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

18

The Little Girl is holding her breath, listening to the house. It's gone quiet. The sounds of a struggle stopped.

She gets up from her bed, a short CREAK of mattress springs.

She goes to her door, takes the knob in her little hand.

She turns it with a CLICK. She pulls it open an inch with a long, thin CREAK and --

19

INT. FBI HQ - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

19

Starkly lit by fluorescents. Institutional, bureaucratic.

It's **1993** and **AGENT LEE HARKER** will be 31 in a week [and fine if we guess correctly that this is our Little Girl grown up].

She's alert and paying attention to --

AN OFF-SCREEN VOICE

All right, kids. This is the part
where you get to do the things the
grownups don't want to do anymore.
Door to door, on foot, knock knock,
'have you seen this man?', just
like in the movies.

WIDEN OUT to reveal Lee seated among **OTHER VERY YOUNG FBI AGENTS/RECRUITS** in a typical law enforcement **BRIEFING ROOM**.

OFF-SCREEN VOICE

Partners have already been assigned
so no one gets hurt feelings.

Lee looks across to **AGENT FISK**, 30 and reedy like Anthony Edwards' "Goose". He looks back. Does Lee make him nervous?

OFF-SCREEN VOICE (CONT'D)

Suspect likes to visit a certain
kind of neighborhood. He's a young
man and not likely to go quietly,
so let's always assume he's armed.
We go alert and careful all the
time, every time. That's all.

20

INT./EXT. CUL-DE-SAC ROAD - CAR - DAY

20

Fisk's car pulls up to park at the head of a long cul-de-sac in a new cookie-cutter community: every house a dead copy of its neighbor; Fisk at the wheel, Lee in the passenger seat,.

AGENT FISK

This is exactly where I would hide
out if I were a Devil worshipper
child abductor. Or really if I were
either of those two things. And I'm
not, by the way.

He steals a glance at Lee; does she think he's funny?

They get out of the car, Lee's eyes going to the upstairs
windows of one house in particular: **3525 Potts Rd.**

*

Identical to the others, but to Lee it *feels all wrong*. She
listens to the house, to the silent window --

*

*

AGENT FISK (CONT'D)

Okay, so I'm good to go up and
knocks if you want to be the one
who hangs back...?

*

(then, off her silence)

Harker? You good?

*

LEE

Yeah. I'm good.

She turns to look at him, really sees him. Her searching gaze
is making him a little uneasy, and --

OFF the **HEAVY CLUNKs** of their car doors closing, we are --

21

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC ROAD - DAY

21

Crossing the newly paved neighborhood street, their **FBI ID LANYARDS** dangling from around their necks. Fisk has a clipboard with **suspect sketches** clipped to it.

*
*

Fisk goes up ahead to the **FIRST HOUSE** in the row. Lee hangs back, looking at 3525 and feeling for the shape of her holstered revolver under her windbreaker --

But this is a nice neighborhood so she returns her focus to Fisk at the freshly-painted glossy door.

We keep our distance, not needing to hear Fisk nor the **UNCOMPLICATED HOUSEWIFE** who looks over the suspect sketch.

The first house done, the door closed neatly behind Fisk as he comes back down the short steps, nodding to Lee --

AGENT FISK

One down. Smelled like bacon in there.

They move for the next house, Fisk ahead and Lee scanning the area, clocking **kids at play** on a front lawn four houses down.

We watch Fisk **KNOCK** and wait at the second glossy front door from Lee's POV. Whoever's inside is taking their time.

They wait. Fisk tries the **bell**. It's otherwise idyllically quiet all around them.

Somewhere, someone lets their garbage can lid **SLAM** loudly and Lee tightens, looks to the sound. A neighbor on the other side of the street eyes her. They don't see a lot of FBI.

Lee looks to Fisk as the door opens to a **SHAGGY TEENAGER** thinking *what the fuck?* and almost saying it before seeing the FBI lanyard and worrying that he smells like weed.

Lee looks again over at 3525. That place isn't right.

We push in on it as Lee zones out a little, not noticing --

AGENT FISK (CONT'D)

Kid smelled like narcotics.

Caught off-guard by his voice so close, Lee flinches. Fisk notices, and when she looks back to 3525, so does he.

AGENT FISK (CONT'D)

Harker.

LEE
(a pause, and then)
It's that one.

AGENT FISK
What's what one?

LEE
Thirty-five-twenty-five.
(then)
He's in there.

*

He looks at it, then at her.

AGENT FISK
What makes you say that?

LEE
I don't know.
(then)
We should call it in.

AGENT FISK
What? No. We're not gonna call in a
hunch on the first day we're out
doing this, the third house. No.

Lee studies the house, doubt creeping in on her like ivy.

*

AGENT FISK (CONT'D)
Harker, hey. What's going on?

LEE
I don't know.

*

AGENT FISK
Listen. Hunches are great, and I
believe in hunches, but.

*

Lee wishes she were either completely sure, or completely not
sure. But right now she's both, and neither. Fisk notices.

AGENT FISK (CONT'D)
Just relax, okay? They probably
wouldn't send us to a neighborhood
where the guy might be anyway.
(then)
But let's go take a look.

*

*

*

22

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC ROAD - HOUSE 3525 - DAY

22

On their way up the neat footpath leading to the door, Lee clocks the neighborhood kids at play. Much farther away now. *

She follows Fisk up to 3525, to its glossy front door. *

Lee waits a few feet behind Fisk, positioned to see the door, noting that all of the windows are covered from the inside by plain white roller shades. Fisk knocks, looks back. *

She gives a slight, curt nod. The door **CLUNKS** open, and --

The top of Fisk's head explodes, a flap of skull and hair popping up suddenly, spraying hot blood onto Lee's face! *

The **STING** of the gunshot RINGS in Lee's ears as she ducks down, groping for her holstered revolver and looking up at --

The **SUSPECT** who holds her eye contact before disappearing back into the house, leaving the door open... *

Did his eyes look... *sad...*? *Resigned...*? *

Lee unholsters her revolver, her free hand wiping Fisk's blood away, seeing it in her trembling palm. *So this is what it's like.* *

She takes a **walkie-talkie** from her belt -- *

LEE *

(voice cracking) *

This is 2412. We're at Colfax. 3525
Potts Road. Officer down. *

She looks off, sees a kid at a safe distance watching her, must have heard the shot. Lee wants to send the kid a reassuring look, shakes her head tersely instead, as if to say *go on, get out of here*. The kid moves away. *

Setting her jaw and refusing tears, Lee looks back to the yawning doorway through which the Suspect just disappeared. She glances down at Fisk's crumpled corpse as she stays low to crosses into the dark of the house within -- *

23

INT. CUL-DE-SAC ROAD - HOUSE 3525 - DAY

23

Dim sunlight glowing around the edges of blackout shades on every window. *Suspect relishes privacy.*

Lee steadies her shaking gun hand, thinking to announce herself, but instead advancing quietly through the space.

Taking a step, her shoe CRUNCHES plastic underfoot and she stops in her tracks, her eyes adjusting to see --

Not only is the house empty, but floor-to-ceiling covered in **clear plastic sheeting**, as if mid-renovation or fumigation.

And all around is the steady PURR of WHITE NOISE from several **box fans** arranged here and there on the floor.

Lee advances on the plastic-covered floor, the sound of her footsteps masked by the PURRING box fans.

She turns a corner, spots a staircase in the center of a hallway, the floor covered in plastic, taped along every edge, **the Suspect's gun** left on the floor for her to see.

*

Lee advances, pressed to the wall as she carefully advances up the stairs, peeking past a door frame to see --

*

*

The Suspect with his back to us, seated on a pristine, bare mattress and box frame in an otherwise empty room --

His empty hands are already up in surrender.

And laid out next to him on the mattress is a **child's outfit of clothes**, replete with a **pair of little scuffed shoes**.

Lee is overwhelmed, steadies herself, gun pointed.

LEE
(voice cracks)
Don't move.

And The Suspect doesn't, his voice weak with tears --

*

SUSPECT
I won't.

He very slightly turns his head in her direction.

SUSPECT (CONT'D)
I really didn't want to do all of
this anyway.

*

*

OFF Lee's overwhelm, her uncertainty, her *horror* --

24

INT. FBI HQ - SCREENING ROOM - DAY

24

Now in a dimly lit **screening room**, the screen blank for now.

AN INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)
State your name and rank.

LEE
Special Agent Lee Harker.
(then)
Can someone tell me what I'm doing
in here?

AN INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)
Special Agent Lee Harker. Are you
ready to begin?

LEE
To begin what?

There is a long pause.

AN INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)
Are you ready to begin?

Lee understands that this is how this is going to be --

Now light from the screen in front of her flickers and shifts on her face, shining in her eyes like mirrors.

There is a **DULL DING** and Lee's sharp eyes follow something darting off-screen, focus shifting and resetting, head still.

AN INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please identify the images in the
order they appear. Are you ready to
begin.

LEE
(what choice do I have?)
Yes.

On the screen, simple **block images** shuffle by at a very high speed. A perception test. How could she possibly --

LEE (CONT'D)
House. Block. Camera. Tiger.
(then)
Tiger. Block. House. Camera.

There is another DULL DING.

AN INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)
All right. And now?

LEE
(eyes shift, rapidly)
Tiger. Tiger. House. Camera.
(then)
Block. Block. House. Block.
(then)
Camera. Camera. Tiger. Hammer.

AN INTERCOM VOICE (O.S.)
What four images will come next?

LEE
What?

Lee tries not to express any confusion or doubt, realizes that she doesn't feel either, and so --

LEE (CONT'D)
Piano. Camera. Hammer. Flower.

The only response is another **DULL DING**, and --

On the projection wall, a **slide show** of new images appear: **abstract, nearly avant-garde, syrupy blends of red and pink and white**. Is it... *viscera*? Lee stays focused, alert.

LEE (CONT'D)
What am I looking at?

There is a long pause, then --

AN INTERCOM VOICE
A random number has been generated
between one and one hundred
inclusive. What is the number?

The images play on - an image of FISK flies past - and Lee still doesn't blink. *

LEE
I don't know.

No help from the Intercom Voice comes, so she gives it a try--

LEE (CONT'D)
Thirty three? *

There is a long pause, a dull DING. The images persist.

AN INTERCOM VOICE
A random number has been generated
between zero and one hundred
inclusive. What is the number?

LEE
(blinks once)
It's zero.

Another long, strange pause. A dull DING.

Lee's eyes shift. *Does that ding mean I got it right?*

She only knows that she knew it absolutely. And she's moved. But she's also highly trained in subverting her emotions.

And then --

25 OMITTED 25

26 INT. FBI HQ - WEIGHT ROOM - DAY 26

A long, steady zoom to find Lee as she pushes past her limits on a treadmill, finally stopping for a breather, hanging her head and sucking at breath. She looks up to the doorway, no one there, no sound of anyone approaching. She waits, and --

Another **YOUNG AGENT** does finally appear, wasn't expecting Lee to be waiting for them, is momentarily caught off-guard --

YOUNG AGENT

Uh. Harker. Carter wants to see you.

ON LEE: *Shit. Okay.*

27 INT./EXT. HORN RESIDENCE - BROWNING CAR - DAY 27

Lee in the backseat of a parked car, neatly put together in her FBI windbreaker, hair tightly pulled back in a stiff ponytail, no makeup. Law enforcement.

She's looking out the window at a **simple family home**, a **bright yellow sticker** spanning across the doorframe, **FBI** on it in bold letters above a lot more smaller, unreadable text.

Lee looks to the backs of the heads of --

SPECIAL AGENT BROWNING at the wheel: a hard woman who checks Lee in the rearview, a move that's not lost on Lee who isn't afraid to hold eye contact with her superior when she does.

And in the passenger seat, **SPECIAL AGENT CARTER** [50s] --

CARTER

You a baseball fan, Harker?

LEE

No, sir.

CARTER

Damn. I need to talk to someone about my beautiful Mariners, but oh well my wife's gotten pretty good at faking it.

*

BROWNING
That's a slippery slope.

CARTER
Oof, Agent Browning. That's cold.

BROWNING
Only working with what you give me,
Agent Carter. And your Mariners
really are a thing of beauty.

*

Lee stays quiet; Carter half-turns back to her --

CARTER
Any guess as to why we're sitting
here, Agent Harker?

LEE
No, sir.

Carter holds a weighty pause, before --

CARTER
Family of four lived in that house
for twelve years. The Horns. Nice
people. Dad taught at the college,
coached T-Ball. Mom ran the church
bake sale. And then two months ago,
they all get murdered inside.

BROWNING
Four victims, but technically three
murders and a suicide.

LEE
The father?

Carter and Browning share a look; *good guess.*

CARTER
Didn't do it halfway, either.
Stabbed his wife 61 times before
the blade snapped off from the
handle.

LEE
And the children?

CARTER
What about them?

LEE
How many wounds?

Browning's eyes go to Lee in the rearview. Carter holds --

*

CARTER

You can read about it in the file.

LEE

You said four were murdered. I
don't understand.

BROWNING

Neither do we.

Lee can't stop looking at the stillness of the house.

CARTER

A letter was left inside, with the
bodies, written in a coded alphabet
and not in the hand of anyone in
any way connected to the family.

*

*

(then)

We have 10 letters like it, made by
the same hand, from 10 houses, 10
families, over the past 30 years.

*

*

*

Lee studies the house, its silent stillness almost deafening.

*

LEE

What's inside the house now?

CARTER

You tell me.

*

LEE

Nothing. And no one.

CARTER

Correct. Now either something or
someone is making the fathers do
it. And so far we've been goddamned
if we can figure out what or who.

*

*

Browning watches Lee in the rearview. After a long look --

*

BROWNING

I'm telling you she's not ready for
this.

*

Lee looks to Browning's eyes in the rearview, holds them.

CARTER

Bring me a better idea, Browning,
and you can run with it.

Browning holds Lee's eyes in the rearview: she doesn't have a better idea to bring him.

28 OMITTED 28

29 OMITTED 29

29A INT. FBI - HQ - OFFICES - NIGHT 29A

Tracking Lee as she follows Carter through busy rooms in
which not one of the straight MALE AGENTS misses the chance
to check her out: the ONLY young female agent there. Lee
feels it's best to deal with this by looking down, on her way
into --

*

30

INT. FBI HQ - CARTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

30

Carter indicates **a vast wall of evidence**, and she goes to it. *

CARTER

There you go, Harker... take a nice
long look. *

It's the moment at the beginning of THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS
in which Starling is looking at Buffalo Bill clippings in
Crawford's office: a dizzying mosaic of **newspaper clippings,**
crime scene photographs, maps, notes -- *

Carter [Lee's "Crawford"] watches her.

With Lee at the board of evidence we see plenty: **grizzly**
crime scene photographs of brutal murders involving multiple
victims in their homes. *

In a photograph marked **JUNE 14, 1975**, Lee notes a **HAPPY**
BIRTHDAY BANNER strung up in a living room over a grim
tableau of body-shapes under sheets. *

A Polaroid from **FEBRUARY 16, 1970** of a halved **birthday cake --** *

Lee turns to the far wall opposite where we see blown-up
images of **letters** handwritten in a **coded alphabet.**

Lee takes it all in, dense like hieroglyphics, all of the
letters signed at the bottom in neat handwriting:

LONGLEGS.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Tell me your version of what
happened two weeks ago in Colfax
with Agent Fisk. *

LEE

I made a full report, sir.

CARTER

You identified the Suspect's house,
with no prior knowledge, no real
indication that it was in any way
different from the cookie-cutters
all around it.

(then)

Anything like that ever happen to
you before, Agent Harker?

LEE

Not that I am aware of, no, sir.

CARTER

Just some intuition, and some good
luck.

LEE

Didn't feel lucky to me, sir.

CARTER

I imagine the family that got their
kid back feels different.

LEE

Yes, sir.

CARTER

You beat the number generator eight
times. How'd you do that?

LEE

I also missed it eight times.

CARTER

Half-psychic is better than not
psychic at all, I'd say. Or maybe
we'll just call you 'highly
intuitive'.

LEE

Up to you, sir.

He regards her in silence. She's uncomfortable, tolerates it,
staying focused on the wall of evidence in front of her.

CARTER

Tell me what you see.

LEE

What do the families have in
common?

*
*

CARTER

Good question.

(then)

All of the little girl victims have
birthdays on the 14th of the month.

*
*
*
*
*

LEE

Do we have anything that points to
the significance of that?

*
*
*

CARTER

No. But the letters probably do.

*

As in: *get to work.*

OMITTED

INT. FBI HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

EXT. FBI HQ - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

OMITTED

INT. FBI HQ - PAYPHONE - NIGHT

LEE
Hi, Mom.

We don't see Lee's Mom, only hear her VOICE on the line.

LEE'S MOM

Lee?

LEE

Yep. Your only child.

LEE'S MOM

Hi, honey.

A strange pause, the **BUZZ** of the connection --

LEE

Anyway I was calling to say I'm going to be busy now. With work. And I might not be able to come out to visit. I want to. I just.

A strange pause, the BUZZ of the line.

LEE (CONT'D)

Mom? Are you still there?

LEE'S MOM

Be careful they don't work you too hard, all right?

LEE

Yeah, but it's good. It's really good. They're putting me on something important.

LEE'S MOM

What is it?

LEE

You know I can't say. And you wouldn't want to hear about it anyway.

LEE'S MOM

Not nice things.

LEE

I don't think the Bureau has a division for nice things, Mom.

LEE'S MOM

Will I see you on your birthday next week?

*

LEE

I'll try.

*

Another strange, sad pause. Lee finds these pauses get harder to bear over the course of a phone call --

LEE (CONT'D)
I'm sure I'll be able to make it.
It's your special day, too, Mom.

LEE'S MOM
Happiest day of my life.

Lee doesn't want to feel too much when she's on duty --

LEE
I should probably get going.

LEE'S MOM
Lee?

LEE
Yeah?

LEE'S MOM
Are you still saying your prayers?

LEE
(path of least...)
Yeah. I am. Listen I gotta go.

Strange, sad pause.

LEE'S MOM
Lee, honey? Please say your prayers.

LEE
Yeah. I will. I'll call you later, mom.

LEE'S MOM
Goodnight, sweetpea.

*

Lee gently puts the phone down, heads down a lonely corridor.

34A

INT. FBI HQ - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

34A

Lee winces at federal coffee that was bad 16 hours ago when it was brewed, finds herself looking at a wall calendar, scanning the days leading up to **the 14th** of the month...

The 14th of January. She considers the date, and --

35

INT. FBI HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

35

The hours starting to drag, Lee's eyes starting to dim with exhaustion, repetition.

She lays out a line of index cards on the carpet, each one numbered in Sharpie from **zero** to **thirty-one**. She pulls **fourteen** out, sets it slightly higher than the others, looks oddly at it. *

She looks over at the crime scene Polaroid of the **Happy Birthday sign** from **June 14, 1975**, picks it up, assigns it to the **number 14 card**. *
*
*

She then references various **death certificates**, assigning each date to its corresponding numbered card on the line. *
*

20, 9, 18, 11, 16, 19, 10, 17, 12 *

She looks at the line; this is getting her nowhere. *

She writes the numbers down on a **notepad**. *

She covers her face with her hands.

LEE
(to herself)
God I'm so fucking tired.

She lets her hands slide from her face, scanning articles of evidence scattered around: audio tapes with labels like LONGLEGS / PARSON FAMILY / 911 CALL, etc. And --

36 **EXT. FBI HQ - STAIRS TO PARKING LOT - NIGHT** 36

CLICK CLACK go Lee's shoes on the cold pavement as she walks up a steep flight of steps towards an unseen parking lot.

ON LEE'S CAR RADIO [PRE-LAP]
*Operator 9-1-1 what's your
emergency?*

37 **EXT. RURAL ROAD - LEE'S CAR - NIGHT** 37

Following Lee's standard issue Crown Vic from a distance and elevated, as if tracked by some terrible, unseeable bird. *

38 **INT. RURAL ROAD - LEE'S CAR - NIGHT** 38

Inside the Car, a **TAPE** plays a recording of a **9-1-1 CALL**. The **CALLER** is a man, a FATHER, his voice slow and trembling and coldly methodical, not urgent or panicked.

ON LEE'S CAR RADIO
*It's... my daughter... but it's not.
Not really my daughter...*

Sir, can you speak up?

*No... Please. I have to be quiet
because she's asleep... her eyes are
closed...*

Lee drives, eyes going to the rearview. Nothing there but endlessly receding darkness.

ON LEE'S CAR RADIO (CONT'D)
Now is the best time to do it...

39 **INT./EXT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - LEE'S CAR - NIGHT** 39

Lee pulls up in front of the charming **LITTLE BUNGALOW** where she lives, set deep in the woods, lets the radio play on, staring through the windshield. *

ON LEE'S CAR RADIO

Sir... can you stay on the line?

There are some indistinct sounds, then a **WOMAN'S VOICE** - is she **SPEAKING IN TONGUES**? Lee stops the tape, rewinds --

*
*

There it is again. A woman speaking in tongues, cut short by the **WET SOUNDS OF STABBINGS**. Lee flinches, stops the tape --

*
*

40

EXT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

40

A JUMP CUT and a sharp **CREAK** as Lee opens her rusty mailbox. Junk mail, The New Yorker. Nothing personal. A bill.

She **CREAKS** the mailbox shut and goes up to the front door, crunching a blanket of dead leaves as she goes. And --

She slows to a stop, eyes down, as if struck by a thought.

CRUNCH. A single crunch of leaves somewhere. She looks off into the shadows that ring the area. Doesn't see anything.

She holds still, now faced with her front door, and a rising uneasy feeling in the back of her mind.

Her intuition rising up...

But before it can take hold --

*

A HARD CUT TO BLACK, and --

40A

ND - OVER BLACK

40A

Superimpose title: **Part Two. The Say Cheese Farm.**

41

OMITTED

41

42 OMITTED 42

43 INT. FBI HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 43

Lee with **the Longlegs files**, each murder marked with a family name and the date. Lee separates photographs into groups. *

[Note: we don't yet see too much in terms of birthday decorations, etc.] *

She's looking through **graphic crime scene photographs**. *What ties these crimes together?* *

Her hand drifts to a legal pad, she writes down: *

Murder suicide, fathers, men *

She looks through **police reports**, writes down: *

No sign of forced entry *

She looks through more, writes down: *

No fingerprints, no DNA, no eye-witnesses *

She looks back at a particularly grisly image, zoning out on it a little, and -- *

KNOCK KNOCK *

She startles, turns to see -- *

Carter in the doorway. *

CARTER (O.S.)
Ever take breaks, Harker? *

It's late and no one else is around, she feels strange -- *

CARTER (CONT'D)
You know there's such a thing as
looking too long. *

LEE
Mr. Carter... I must have lost
track of the time... *

He comes over, kneels down nearish to her; is he a little bit... loose? Lee gets a faint whiff of booze, turns back to the evidence. *

CARTER
Well, what do you got? *

LEE
Not very much, sir.

CARTER
Hate to say I know the feeling.

She's feeling uncomfortable in the shared silence. She so much prefers to work alone.

CARTER (CONT'D)
I'm still thirsty. Are you thirsty?
(then)
Come on. Let's go have a drink.

She doesn't know what to say.

LEE
You'll have to excuse me, sir, but it's late. And I don't drink.

CARTER
You're right. You don't. I'll drink while you tell me things, Agent Harker.

ON Lee: *Is she supposed to feel weird?*

44	<u>OMITTED</u>	44	*
45	<u>OMITTED</u>	45	*
46	<u>OMITTED</u>	46	*
			*
			*
			*

47

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

47

Carter onto another cocktail and Lee seated across a small table, no room to spread out her notes...

LEE

Longlegs is fixated on being caught and punished. He's childish in that way. He communicates voluntarily, of course the irony is he uses coded characters to show himself to us.

*

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

He wants us to see him, he wants us
to want to know more about him, so
we can come and get him, take him
firmly by the wrist and tell him
he's been a bad boy.

CARTER

That's every single one of them,
Harker. Killing their mothers over
and over again. What else?

LEE

(a considered pause)

All of the victim families have
daughters who's birthdays are on
the 14th of any given month.

CARTER

We know that already. And that's
not the best you can do. Or maybe I
was wrong about you after all and
you're not ready for this.

Lee takes a breath, resets, tries again.

LEE

There are never any signs of forced
entry. In fact, forensics says
there's no indication that he ever
comes into the house at all.

Carter is listening. She presses on --

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

LEE (CONT'D)

There's only the bodies of the victims... and they've been killed with things found in their own homes. In two cases a shotgun, both legally registered to the father. 8 times it's a knife from the family's kitchen. Once it's a hammer, from the family's toolbox.

CARTER

All right, and...

LEE

Longlegs would have to be inside to use the knife, the hammer, the firearm... but according to physical evidence, he never is. If not for the letters he leaves behind, it's almost like he's never there at all.

CARTER

He murders them, but not in person.

LEE

What if he somehow tells the families what he wants them to do, to themselves, to each other. A few days later, they do it.

CARTER

Reads like a page out of Manson...

LEE

Manson had accomplices. His Family.

CARTER

You think Longlegs has help?

LEE

He's a man. And given his signature, probably a tall one. Intimidating.

(then)

I checked and none of the houses had recently made requests for a handyman or plumbers or anything like that.

(then)

The families aren't going to let a strange man into their houses. Longlegs needs someone with him who the victims can trust.

CARTER

Well, that narrows it down.

He downs his drink, checks his watch; we see a wedding ring.

He stands. She notices him wobble --

*

*

*

*

CARTER (CONT'D)
Okay bedtime.

LEE
I'll drive you.

CARTER
I can drive, Harker.

She regards him, putting her files in her satchel.

LEE
Yes, sir. But with all due respect,
so can I.

*

48

INT./EXT. CARTER RESIDENCE - LEE'S CAR - NIGHT

48

Lee's car's headlights crawling up the driveway, crawling over the face of the house and landing on a nicer family home than she was expecting, lights on downstairs and in one of the downstairs windows, the sweet faces of --

RUBY CARTER [almost 9] and her mom **ANNA**.

[Note: **Ruby's hair should always be in long, twin braids, tied at the ends by pink hair ties with little pink balls on the ends**].

*

*

*

IN THE CAR

Carter spots his family waiting for him.

CARTER
Oh, good, you get to say hello to
my wife and kid. Come on.

Maybe he was hoping they'd be asleep, but they aren't, so he takes a hit of **Binaca**, and --

*

CARTER (CONT'D)
Come on, Harker. They don't bite.

*

*

48A

INT. CARTER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

48A

Anna lets Carter and Lee inside. She can't help but wonder what this young female agent is doing with her husband, but her "curiosity" will have to wait because --

Ruby comes up and hugs her dad --

RUBY
You didn't call to say goodnight.

CARTER

Cuz it was late and past your
bedtime.

RUBY

But it's even later now, and way,
way past my bedtime.

CARTER

Yeah, I guess I screwed that up.

RUBY
(looks to Lee)
Hello.

CARTER
Yeah, hey, this is Agent Lee
Harker. Harker, this is my wife
Anna and my daughter Ruby.

Lee smiles haltingly. Anna senses Lee's awkwardness, and is aware of her own uneasiness, but still smiles warmly as she stands, assumes a playful gravity in her voice.

ANNA
Nice to meet you, Harker.

RUBY
Agent? But those're always men with
short and shiny haircuts.

*

Anna crosses to Carter for a hug. A married couple that likes each other. *And he lived through another day with the Bureau.*

ANNA
Hi, honey. I'm glad you're home.

Lee watches them, isn't paying attention to --

RUBY
(soaking Lee up)
Do you want to see my room?

Lee looks to Ruby, then to Carter: *yes you do.*

49

INT. CARTER'S RESIDENCE - RUBY'S ROOM - NIGHT

49

Lee and Ruby alone; the room tour has landed on a shelf loaded with Ruby's various trophies.

LEE
You won all of these?

RUBY
They give one to every kid so it's
more like party favors.

LEE
(points to one)
And what happened here?

RUBY
Its head got cut off and I don't
know where it is.

*
*

LEE

Guess that's more my job, huh?

(off Ruby)

Finding stuff, I mean.

*

Ruby is watching Lee, and Lee feels weird, so she casts around the room, sees a gauzy **fairy teepees**, very "girly". Lee attempts to relate.

*
*

LEE (CONT'D)
You go in there a lot?

RUBY
It's too babyish. Dad says he wants to keep some of my old things around so I don't grow up too fast. But I'm gonna grow up anyway.
(then)
Even veals grow a little. And they live in a box with their legs all tied up and everything.

Lee looks at Ruby. What a f***ed thing to say.

LEE
Veal don't have it too good, do they?

RUBY
Did you want to be on the FBI when you were a little girl?

LEE
Hm. I don't know. When I was really little I wanted to be a photographer, or an actress.

*
*

RUBY
Being a actor messes up kids.

*

LEE
So they say.

RUBY
Is it scary being a lady FBI agent?

Lee looks at Ruby, a smile coming and going.

LEE
Yeah, it's... pretty scary.

Anna is at the door; *for how long has she been observing?*

ANNA
All right, you two. I'm sure Agent Harker's got a lot of very important work to do.
(checks invisible watch)
(MORE)

*

ANNA (CONT'D)

And, Miss Ruby Carter, it's, well,
it's *tomorrow*. Into bed, come on.

*

*

RUBY

Can Harker come to my birthday?

*

Lee stiffens slightly, looks to Anna for an assist --

ANNA

Sounds great to me. Why don't you
ask her?

Ruby looks silently and expertly at Lee who doesn't need to
look to Anna for the answer.

LEE

I'll be there.

Anna looks on, watching Lee with a flicker of a sad smile on
her lips. *What the hell made you want to be a cop?*

50

INT./EXT. LEE'S CAR IN FRONT OF CARTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 50

Lee slides in behind the wheel, shuts the door, gazes out
onto the dark and silent suburban street.

LEE

(quietly to herself)
Jesus Christ. Weird fucking kid...

*

She'd like to laugh at herself, even just to expel some
stress, and maybe a laugh was coming, but then --

Headlights go on in her rearview mirror. An **idling car** maybe
50 yards away, exhaust pipe chugging a halo of thick smoke.

Unusual in a family neighborhood at this hour, or...?

She watches the rearview. The car with the headlights doesn't
move. But then --

The headlights "blink" at her, high-beams to low-beams, once.

Lee shifts in her seat, the SCHWEEK of her windbreaker on the
seat the only thing disturbing the quiet. She holds --

And then, from a distance, from the idling car --

A MAN'S VOICE [LONGLEGS]

(calls out)
Sorry. Didn't mean. To startle you!

Lee turns to look through the rear windshield, but it's
impossible to see anything past the glare of the headlights.

The idling car now starts to reverse slowly, and she watches
as its headlights recede down the road.

Farther away now, the car executes a three point turn and drives away. *Was it a white station wagon?*

But now it's going, Lee watching the red tail-lights go.

She lets them go. No need to react to every little thing --

The street is silent again. And then --

51

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LEE'S CAR - NIGHT

51

At a Distance and elevated, as if Lee is being tracked by something terrible, unseeable bird

52

EXT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

52

A sharp **CREAK** as Lee opens her mailbox. No mail today so she creaks it closed and goes to the house, crunching a carpet of dead leaves, checking the shadows that surround her --

53

INT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

53

We wait for Lee, hearing her FOOTSTEPS on the other side as she approaches, then her keys, the locks. The door opens and she comes in, pausing to survey the space, assessing her own isolated life, sure, but also --

Routinely making sure no one else is in the house with her.

In a series of CLICKS, we turn lights on in her house as she checks all of the **rooms, upstairs and downstairs, the bathroom and behind the shower curtain.** All of the **closets.**

But, no. She's all alone.

54

INT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

54

Her vigilance somewhat relaxed - she's had a quick shower -
Lee chews on something for sustenance and not joy, the phone
on her shoulder, listening to it RING and RING --

*

*

Her vigilance gradually re-tightening with each consecutive
RING until finally, mercifully --

LEE'S MOM [ON PHONE]

Yes? Hello?

Lee rests her forehead in her hand. She's always relieved
when her Mom picks up.

LEE

(into phone)

Hi, Mom.

LEE'S MOM [ON PHONE]

Lee?

LEE

Yeah. Still only me. Are you okay?

LEE'S MOM [ON PHONE]

As far as I know.

Lee thinks about it for a long moment.

LEE

Do you have to let the phone ring
so many times? I mean, where are
you in the house that you can't
hear it?

A long silence on the other end, the **BUZZ** on the line.

LEE'S MOM [ON PHONE]
Are you okay?

LEE
Yeah. I am. Just. Couldn't sleep. A
lot on my mind. Work stuff.

LEE'S MOM [ON PHONE]
Nasty stuff?

LEE
Hm. Probably.

LEE'S MOM [ON PHONE]
Want to tell me about it?

LEE
No. No.

LEE'S MOM [ON PHONE]
Don't forget I was a nurse for 8
years. Saw more than my fair share
of the nasty stuff.

*
*

LEE
I think I just need to be quiet for
a while...

LEE'S MOM [ON PHONE]
I'll stay on with you. I could use
some quiet in my head, too.

Lee listens to the **BUZZ** on the line, eyes closed.

LEE
(soft)
Thanks, Mom.

Being quiet on the phone with her Mom is vaguely calming, but
doesn't stop her eyes from idly searching the room she's in.

She can't help but let her eyes drift over to the backside of
her front door and its silent, expressionless --

TWO SHARP AND HEAVY THUMPS on the front door. Lee startles --

LEE'S MOM [ON PHONE]
Lee? What was that? Who's there?

Lee listens to her house, her eyes shifting.

LEE
It's okay, Mom. I gotta go.

Lee hangs up, watches the silent door. It's not okay.

Lee slips off her shoes and stands, plucking her service revolver from where it hangs on a chair, staying as silent as she can as she goes to the door, looks through the peephole, sees only the fisheye'd night.

She slides a bolt lock and carefully opens to the door, only a crack at first --

The PHONE RINGS SHRILLY!

Must be her Mom calling back. Lee lets it RING, the RINGING as she turns to pad softly to the back of the house, closing the front door, but leaving it **unbolted**, and --

55

INT./EXT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - NIGHT

55

The phone in the other room still RINGING as Lee reaches the **back door**. She pauses to peek through a small window, but with nothing but dark on the other side, the glass works as a mirror, showing only her own lit reflection.

The RINGING PHONE in the other room stops, and there is the CLICK and CLUNK of an old **answering machine**.

LEE'S ANSWERING MACHINE
(low in the background)
Hi, this is Lee. Leave a message
after the beep and I'll get back to
you as soon as I can.

Keeping her eyes on her own in the reflection, Lee's hand drifts to a wall switch --

LEE'S MOM ON ANSWERING MACHINE
(low in the background)
Lee? Who's there? Lee?

Holding her breath, Lee CLICKS on the **back porch light** --

But there is only patio furniture, frozen in the now starkly-lit space. At first glance, no one there. But, then --

At the distant edge of the where the lit area falls off into darkness - **THE FIGURE OF A TALL MAN**, dim and grainy, hardly more than grain and particles in the night air --

As if he knows exactly how far away he needs to stand to be seen while still remaining essentially *unseeable*.

As her/our eyes adjust, she/we see that his hands are up, fingers splayed to show they're empty, as if in surrender.

In the other room, her Mom stops talking on the machine and it CLUNKS off, the tape thinly HISSING as it resets.

Lee's eyes fixed on the dim shape of her Visitor, her hand goes for the doorknob, squeezing it tight, and --

Pulling the door open as quickly as she can --

Leading with her revolver as she steps out --

But there are only QUICKLY RECEDING FOOTSTEPS on woodsy earth as she advances through the starkly lit space towards the thick nighttime trees --

ON LEE's focused, searching face as she passes out of the reach of the light and into the inky night --

LEE
(calls out)
STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

Wishing she had a flashlight isn't going to make one appear as she advances into darkness, as if into a deep hole, her FOOTFALLS drowning out anyone else's that might be out there.

She stops to listen, but her Visitor's movement has gone silent, too. She freezes, revolver pointed at the night.

Too quiet. She turns to look back at her house, and in the starkly lit area of her back porch --

There he is INSIDE HER HOUSE, stooping to get his tall frame under a doorframe as he again disappears from view.

Lee turns on her heel in pursuit, back the way she came --

56

INT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - KITCHEN - NIGHT

56

Lee advances, revolver-first, *back into her own home.*

The phone is RINGING again in the other room.

Lee looks down at the linoleum floor for any tracks. None that can be seen with the naked eye --

The phone stops ringing, and the answering machine starts to do its thing, but it cuts off when the caller hangs up.

Lee pads in her socks silently through the space and into --

57

INT./EXT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

57

Where the front door is yawning wide open. And lying on the floor just on the inside of the door --

A single pink envelope lying flat on the hardwood.

Lee advances to the door, checking the space for anyone as she goes, stepping over the envelope to check the driveway --

The space out there is lit generously, and it's clear that only her car is out there, with nothing seemingly amiss, and no one in the immediate area.

Behind her, the phone RINGS SHRILLY again and she turns to look back, her eyes going to the envelope on the floor.

The phone stops ringing before the machine can pick up and --

58

INT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT/MOMENTS LATER 58

LEE **SNAPS** on a pair of rubber gloves to pick up the envelope.

It's addressed to **Lee Harker** in neatly handwritten letters. *

It also reads: **DO NOT OPEN UNTIL JANUARY 14TH**

She turns it over, sees it's sealed --

She produces a **switchblade**, neatly slicing the envelope open so she can slide out --

A birthday card with a cartoon number 9 on the front.

Happy Birthday! You're Nine!

She opens it carefully.

The facing flap bears a birthday greeting, for a child: some cute sentiment about another year passed, a body growing.

The opposite flap bears a handwritten message in code. But the first sentence is in plain English, beginning with:

Stood upon the sand of the sea

*

Lee's eyes flicker with recognition: **Book of Revelation.**

And lined up over the Bible verse, **characters written in the code she's been working to decipher.** *

She turns the card over: a **single stanza written in code.**

And at the very bottom, a neat signature in ink:

L O N G L E G S .

Lee thinks to touch the 'S'. It smears. Still wet.

She stiffens, looks around the room. Quiet and undisturbed.

59

INT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - LEE'S DESK - NIGHT

59

At her desk, under a stark lamp, with the Bible open to the Revelation passage, Lee urgently copies out the coded stanza and the corresponding Arabic letters.

And just like that, she's unlocked the cipher.

Or, rather, she was given it, as a gift.

But the decoded message on the back of the birthday card is hardly a thoughtful present:

Tell them where you got this

How it came into your head

I'll cut off her hanging milk tits

And bleed your mommy dead

Lee's eyes shift, holding her breath in the quiet of her house --

She looks back at the Bible verse on the card, matches it up to the Bible verse in the Bible, notices the Bible says

AND I STOOD UPON THE SAND OF THE SEA

But the card says

STOOD UPON THE SAND OF THE SEA

She looks to the cipher. The 'S' is a '6'.

She takes her pen, puts a 6 over each S.

6 6 6

Her shoulders stiffen with terror, and --

The PHONE RINGS SHRILLY.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

She can't help but flinch, goes to it quickly, picks it up --

LEE [INTO PHONE]

Hi, Mom, I'm okay. It was just --

(then)

Oh. Okay. I'll be right there.

It's not her Mom on the phone. It's "work" calling --

60

EXT. ALDER RESIDENCE - DAY [DAWN]

60

Lee pulls up in her Crown Vic, looks across to --

A nice family home, newspapers molting in the wet grass...

And **FBI AGENTS** coming and going, checking the bottoms of their shoes, trying not to track too much blood in or out.

In her car, Lee lingers a moment to steel herself, finds she's gripping the steering wheel very tightly. She loosens her grip, shakes out her hands; only shaking a little.

61

INT. ALDER RESIDENCE - ENTRY WAY - DAY

61

Lee comes in, for the first time breathing the air of a murder house. She winces. It smells VERY, VERY BAD. Many of the Agents and Investigators are wearing **ventilation masks**.

Lee clocks **Christmas decorations, a tree** in the living room, on her way towards --

THE KITCHEN

Lee finds Carter waiting for her at the counter; he's got a handkerchief up to his mouth and nose.

CARTER

Him again.

He slides the latest baggie'd **LONGLEGS LETTER** across the countertop fresh from the scene of the crime --

It's brief. Two lines. And written in code, of course.

CARTER (CONT'D)

We're real late on this one. Looks like the family was planning to go on a trip. Friends assumed they'd gone so no one bothered to check in. We found plane tickets for Los Angeles on the refrigerator. Reservations for Disneyland. Sounds like a nice idea.

LEE

The little girl's birthday. It's was the 14th of last month?

CARTER

Seems like it.

He sees that Lee has pulled a paper with the cipher on it from her pocket. She works quickly to decode the message:

Down low. You're too slow.

CARTER (CONT'D)

How did you do figure that out?

LEE

I only looked long enough, sir.

He looks at her. *Is there something she's not saying?*

CARTER

Yeah, well, there's a dead family
in the master bedroom, so let's go
take a long look at that.

*

62

INT. ALDER RESIDENCE - MASTER BEDROOM - DUSK

62

Carter and Lee at the bed, blankets pulled up to cover what we guess are the bodies of family that used to live here.

A **CSI** has the bedsheets gripped in their fist, ready to pull them back but looking to Carter for a cue.

CSI

We found dad in the garage. Wrists
and throat, kitchen knife in his
hand. His wounds look self-
inflicted but we'll be sure when
we're sure.

Carter looks to Lee. The CSI waits, sheets in their fist --

CSI (CONT'D)

This is everyone else here. And
it's not great. If I'm honest, it's
the worst I've ever seen. And not
new.

*
*

LEE

How long ago?

*
*

CSI

I'd say about a month.

*
*

CARTER

Jesus. Okay, let's take a look.

*

CSI

(re: Lee)

Are you sure she...

CARTER

You're good, aren't you, Agent
Harker?

Lee nods, and tightens, but only a little.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Pull it.

The CSI does. Thankfully, we stay on Lee, letting her eyes
see it on our behalf. *And smell it on our behalf...*

LEE

How old is the child?

CSI

Guessing 9 or 10.

CARTER

Fuck.

*
*

He abruptly goes out, leaving Lee to look at the bodies.

*

We stay on Lee, her eyes stinging with the threat of tears --

*

We see a **quick image** of what she sees: the face of the **MOTHER
VICTIM**, strands of hair across her locked eyes, mouth cocked
open in frozen terror, face mostly devoured by **maggots**.

*

Lee has to look away, to the **FAMILY CAT** crouched in a caged box in the corner. She holds the animal's eyes.

The cat **HISSES** at her, and --

63

INT. ALDER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - DUSK

63

Coming out of the bedroom, Lee tucks back into a doorway to let a group of **CSIs** pass, finds herself looking into --

A LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM

Lee drifts into the room, scanning a life reduced to objects. Pictures of a little girl and her Mom smiling on a trip.

Parked in a corner of the room, **a child-sized red piano**.

She holds. *Does it feel like something familiar to her?*

Lee goes to a dresser: birthday cards propped up. Lee picks one up, checks the message: *For my daughter on her birthday*; that kind of thing.

On the child's bed, a **half-packed, open suitcase**, a stuffed animal sitting on top of the clothes.

*
*

Off Lee's eyes, her mind working --

63A

INT. ALDER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

63A

*

Lee at the refrigerator, looking at **plane tickets** fixed there by a magnet. She pulls them free, looks at the date:

*
*

December 16.

*

She takes out a small pad, writes down:

*

16 15 14

*

She circles **15**.

*

63B

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - TABLES - NIGHT

63B

*

Lee sits with a desktop calendar in front of her. She circles the **15th** of the month. She looks at the other numbers in her notebook, circles those dates on the calendar, too. It's not getting her anywhere.

*
*
*
*

63C

IN THE STACKS

63C

*

We observe Lee from **A THIRD PERSON POV**, at a safe distance,
as she wanders the stacks, arms full of books on **ancient**
calendars and **Devil worship**.

*
*
*

She hears approaching FOOTSTEPS. But it's just a **STUDENT**.

*

STUDENT

*

Yuck there's a guy back there in
fiction who *stinks*.

*
*
*

Lee lets herself drift over, looks down a long aisle. Doesn't
see anyone, holds a moment in the quiet and --

*
*

63D

BACK AT THE TABLES

63D

*

In one of the books, she comes across an image of **an inverted**
triangle with another triangle inside of it, with 6 6 6
written inside.

*
*
*

Her intuition rising --

*

She takes a new piece of paper, writes **the numbers 1 thru 31**
in a straight line --

*
*

Repeats the same thing for **7 lines --**

*

She draws a **vertical straight line**, crossing through all of
the **14s** down the center.

*
*

On each horizontal line, she circles **one of the death dates**.

*

It looks like this:

*

	14	20
9	14	19
10	14	18
11	14	17
12	14	16
	14	15
	14	

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

She looks at it, sees the **8** and **13** are missing, put them into
their places on the triangle, and circles them.

*
*

Her eyes shining because she's got *something --*

*

63E

AT A MICROFICHE STATION

63E

*

She whirs through **newspaper articles relating to SATANIC MURDERS in the 1970s.**

*
*

She lands on one from 1975, the headline: **DAIRY FARM AXE MURDERS LEAVE 3 DEAD, ONE SURVIVOR.**

*
*

She takes a long look at a **drugstore portrait** of a 12 year old girl: **CARRIE ANNE CAMERA.**

*
*

She looks at the date of the crimes.

*

March 8, 1975.

*

She looks back to her inverted triangle. She adds an **8** to the top left corner of the triangle

*
*

And off her eyes, we go back to --

*

64

INT. FBI HQ - OFFICES - DAY

64

*

Tracking Lee through the rooms; as usual, the Male Agents don't miss the chance to check her out as she goes.

And maybe on some other day she would keep her eyes down, but by now her eyes have seen some very rough stuff, and she keeps her eyes up, on her way into --

CARTER'S OFFICE

Lee hands Carter a piece of paper: **the upside down triangle made by the death dates.**

*
*

CARTER
Help me out here.

LEE
It's an algorithm. His algorithm.

CARTER
Help me more.

LEE
It's an inverted triangle. All of girls were born on the 14th day of any given month. But only one dies on their birthday. The others die starting 6 days after their birthday, getting closer and closer on each side until he works his way back to the 14th.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

CARTER

Okay, what am I supposed to do with
this?

*
*
*

LEE

I also decoded all of his letters.
One thing that stood out is a
repeated reference to "the fine
time we had at the say cheese farm,
where Xs mark the spot"...

*
*
*
*

CARTER

A dairy farm?

LEE

Yes, but no one calls a dairy farm
a "cheese farm". We say cheese when
a picture's taken. With a camera.

She produces a separate file, opens it to show him --

Morgue photographic records of a man and a woman labeled
MOTHER CAMERA and **FATHER CAMERA** [dead], bloodied and stiff.

And a **drugstore portrait of an 11 year-old girl named CARRIE**
ANNE CAMERA --

CARTER

The Camera Family. Sure. I was at
Georgetown when it happened...

LEE

Their local priest makes his
regular weekly visit but it goes
bad, thanks to Carrie Anne's father
and the axe from the woodshed. He
kills the priest, his wife and then
himself. He attacks Carrie Anne
when she comes home from school,
too, and leaves her for dead, but
she survives, loses her arm.
(then)
Look at the date.

CARTER

March 8.

LEE

Now look at Carrie Anne's
birthdate.

CARTER

March 14.

LEE

6 days apart.

She indicates the triangle.

CARTER

Well, no shit.

He's looking at the algorithm.

CARTER (CONT'D)

What about the 13th? It's missing.

LEE

The murders on the 13th would have
been his sixth. And it could have
been anywhere. But I have a feeling
Longlegs was there at the Camera
Farm.

*
*
*
*
*
*

CARTER

And Carrie Anne? Is she still
alive?

*
*
*

LEE
She's at Water Rock psychiatric
hospital.

*

CARTER
That's not far from here.

LEE
A hundred and thirty two miles.

CARTER
And the old farm?

LEE
Eighty nine miles.

Carter looks at her, and --

CARTER
Let's start there.

*

64A

INT./EXT. FBI HQ - PARKING LOT - LEE'S CAR - NIGHT

64A

Lee gets in behind the wheel, Carter into the passenger seat.

CARTER
Oh yeah, before I forget --

He goes into his jacket pocket for a **small sealed envelope**.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Miss Ruby wanted me to give this to
you.

*

LEE
What is it?

CARTER
I don't know. As you can see, it's
pretty well-sealed...

The flap thoroughly scotch-taped-down. He hands it over.

CARTER (CONT'D)
She's real curious about you:
Does she have any brothers or
sisters, is she married. Does she
have pets...

LEE
None of the above, sir.

OFF Lee as she starts her car, thinking about the truth of
all of that --

65 OMITTED

65

66 OMITTED

66

67 INT./EXT. FARM ROAD - LEE'S CAR - NIGHT 67

Through the windshield we watch a long, featureless approach to what was 20 years ago a quaint dairy farm, now reduced to:

68 EXT. CAMERA FAMILY FARM - NIGHT/1993 PRESENT 68

A grouping of condemned structures: the husk of **a large white barn**, graffiti'd stables, a Bates-y Victorian farmhouse.

Lee and Carter approach the house, flashlight beams leading the way, snapping on rubber gloves. *

69 INT./EXT. CAMERA FAMILY FARM - NIGHT 69

From inside the empty and abandoned spaces we watch Lee and Carter with their flashlight beams moving around the outside.

At a window, Lee peers in, shining her light. Not much to see. *

She hears a SNAP somewhere back in the direction from which they drove up and she turns her head and shines her flashlight. But there is only the night. *
*
*

She shines the light in the other direction, this times pausing at the sight of something we don't yet see -- *

Her intuition rising up again --

LEE
(to Carter)
Over there.

70 EXT. CAMERA FAMILY FARM - BARN - NIGHT 70

Approaching a large **WHITE BARN** with Lee and Carter and their flashlight beams, coming to the sliding barn door that we see has been nailed firmly shut with **several wooden crucifixes**.

At crooked angles, the crucifixes resemble --

LEE
Xs.
(then)
And looks like they haven't been
here for very long, or someone
would have taken them down by
now...

*
*
*
*

CARTER

But then they'd have to deal with
whatever's inside.

*

He looks back to Lee, and --

MOMENTS LATER

Carter has added a **work light** to their gear, revealing a splintering **CRUNCH** as he uses a tire-iron to pry off the crucifixes, then slides open the heavy door to reveal the cavernous lower floor of the barn, cold and quiet and deep.

*
*

Flashlight beams leading the way, they enter.

71

INT. CAMERA FAMILY FARM - BARN - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

71

Moving through with flashlight beams guiding their way, Lee and Carter now find themselves at the foot of a creaky wooden stairwell. And on the wall --

A small **brass crucifix**, neatly inlaid into the old wood, the long end of the cross pointing up to --

Another inlaid brass crucifix on the wall higher up the flight of stairs, as if pointing the way into --

71a

INT. CAMERA FAMILY FARM - BARN/UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

71a

More brass crucifixes inlaid at an angle, pointing the way to the center of the old dusty wooden floor and --

One final **CRUCIFIX**, the largest one yet --

CARTER
Marks the spot.

He kneels down with the work light, pulling the crucifix off with a splintering **CRACK**, exposing a **hole in the floorboards**.

*

Hooking two fingers into the hole and pulling up the rotted wood, finally exposing --

*

A rectangular **BOX**. Somewhere between a shoe box and a child-size coffin.

*

A small notecard on top. A simple drawing of an upside down triangle with a happy face inside of it --

*

*

They take out the box, lifting the lid --

*

Revealing what looks like the folded up body of a CHILD, legs tucked up to its chin in an exaggerated fetal position.

*

But looking more closely, we see that it is actually **a DOLL of an adolescent girl, dressed in an old-fashioned nightgown.**

But let's call it an EFFIGY.

The beautifully fashioned porcelain face has a startling resemblance to **CARRIE ANNE CAMERA** when she was a kid, seen in the file photos earlier.

Nearly life-size, its face impeccably crafted: its torso, trunk, arms and legs made out of stuffed canvas. The lower abdomen area has been punctured, cut open here and there, spilling rotten puffed cotton: a disturbing, unnatural sight. *

Its head, feet and hands are made out of creamy-white porcelain in good, intact condition. There is the remains of some wispy hair on its porcelain head.

And as it is with certain dolls, its eyelids move separately from the rest of the face, closed when it lies horizontally --

Rubber gloves on and little flashlight in his teeth, Carter reaches in to lift up the effigy. Lee watches it hinge up, **eyelids clicking open to reveal its glassy eyes**, and --

An ABRUPT CUT TO BLACK

And then --

72

INT. LONGLEG'S LAIR - NIGHT

72

A POV OF A MIRROR FRAMED WITH LIGHTBULBS.

We're in LONGLEGS' LAIR, in the 1993 present.

Over our heads, the ceiling **CREAKS** and **THUMPS**. Someone walking around presumably upstairs.

But down here there is a low, **SLITHERING SOUNDSCAPE**, rising and falling like an ultrasound, raspy and wet. And, with it --

LONGLEGS [PRESUMABLY]
(singing, off-screen)
*Crimson and clover, over and over,
crimson and clover, over and
over...*

There is no one in the mirror's reflection, but we hold, as if waiting for someone. But no one comes, and so --

We PAN OFF to scan the space: on one wall, a **complex calendar** with **the same upside down triangle** we saw in Lee's research. *

Continuing to PAN, revealing **an organ**, some **reel-to-reel recording equipment**, a **mic-stand**, etc.

Continuing to PAN, revealing a **WORKSHOP FOR EFFIGIES**: limp canvas bodies pinned up, headless and handless. Rows of porcelain heads, featureless like mannequins, some split and cracked: rejects, presumably. *

Our PAN lands on a **MAN** with his back to us, on a work stool, busy working and singing softly to himself.

We can guess it's **HIM** -- *

And the **SLITHERING SOUNDSCAPE** is starting to **congeal** into words, a low and **GROWLING VOICE** -- *

Degrading him, telling him he's stupid, worthless and afraid, repeating his secret shames, insulting his pains. And it does so with a flourish, a wit and a raunchiness. *

We don't say it's the **DEVIL**, but it feels like it could be. *

The Man working - we know it must be **LONGLEGS** - turns his head sharply, like a tic. Like he's got water in his ears. *

Because the **GROWLING VOICE** is *in his head*, talking to him... and he sings to block it out. But it doesn't always work -- *

He glances to a far corner of his work table, to a single, *
featureless **steel sphere**, about the size of a pingpong ball -- *

Moving in on it, it does seem like the **slithering soundscape** *
is, somehow, *coming from inside of it.* *

The Man/Longlegs regards it for a long moment, wishing there *
was something he could do about it. *

He refocuses on his work, and we get an obstructed view the *
clean and shiny **head of another effigy** -- *

Turning it to the light, we see that he's using a pair of *
precise pliers to fit a delicate **eyebrow** onto the head -- *

His hand shaking a little as he pinches too hard with the *
pliers -- *

The head cracks. *

He holds. That kind of thing never happens. He holds up his *
hand. It's shaking more than He wants it to. *

He puts the effigy head down, reaches for a tool: a **palette knife** that rattles around in an empty glass jar. *Shit. Empty.* *

He replaces the jar with a single frustrated **BANG**, and --

We still don't really see him, but his back rises and falls with a long, steady inhale. A man calming himself down. *

He reaches for a set of keys, attached to a **mangy rabbit's foot keychain**, and -- *

73

EXT. CAMERA FAMILY FARM - DAY

73

Morning on the farm, light passing through that grainy blue that makes the world temporarily hard to see.

Police vehicles gathered, work lights blazing, lighting up the side of the farmhouse like a stage flat. FBI AGENTS are digging, combing.

Lee stands apart, smoking a secret cigarette, a head full of thoughts as she stares down the long length of country road. *

It's cold out so she puts her hands into her jacket pockets, then remembers and takes out --

The sealed envelope from Ruby Carter. On the front, in little girl handwriting, it reads: Top Secret Evidens.

She opens it, dropping into her palm --

The missing silver head from Ruby's gymnastics trophy. *

Hm. Kids are weird. Especially girl kids --

Lee notices **headlights** in the distance. Closing her hand around the plastic silver head, her focus shifts to track them as they approach, rush past, now nothing but a pair of receding red tail lights, and --

*
*
*

74

INT. FARM ROAD - LONGLEG'S CAR - DAY

74

LONGLEGS [now in the 1993 present] driving his **STATION WAGON** straight into the sunrise, the bottom half of his face clear in the oncoming sunlight, the top half totally obscured by the deep shadow of the driver's side sun-visor. And --

*

75

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

75

Seen from the back, Longlegs comes in with a DING of the bell on the front door.

*
*

The **TEENAGE GIRL** at the counter looks up from her Teen Beat Magazine only long enough to notice him.

*

She looks up at a **convex security mirror** in a high corner behind the counter but doesn't see him in the reflection. She doesn't care much anyway and looks back at her magazine and important news about The New Kids On The Block --

*
*

CLICK and **CLICK**. Two items put down on the counter.

*

She lifts her eyes, sees his purchases there: **porcelain repair putty** and **a pair of earplugs**.

*
*

She looks up at his face. We haven't really seen it in our 1993 present, but now in the cruel fluorescent light --

His greasy colorless hair swept back, the skin on his face looks too tight: **burned scar tissue and aggressive, poorly-executed plastic surgery** along his cheekbones. Gray teeth.

He's gross, but so are a lot of people.

TEENAGE CLERK

Do you need anything else today?

Longlegs tries a smile. It's not great, for either of them, and it soon dies from his face.

And so he tries **a strange, controlled gesture**:

Wrapping his right arm over his head to cup his right palm over his left eye, then wrapping his left arm over his head to cup his left palm over his right eye, hiding both eyes.

He then lets one hand flap up to reveal one eye, then the other hand to reveal the other eye --

LONGLEGS

Cuckoo. Cuckoo.

The Girl watches, deadpan, and Longlegs lets his hands come down. Is he... *disappointed*?

TEENAGE CLERK

I don't know what that's supposed to be.

LONGLEGS

Only. A sweet treat. To make a child. Smile.

She's not going to smile.

LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

And. What day. Is your. Birthday?
Little Angel.

*
*

She regards him, just standing there. Gross weirdo.

With no affect, she turns towards the back of the store.

TEENAGE CLERK

(calls out)

Daddy?!

And off Longlegs' destroyed face, an ABRUPT CUT TO --

76

INT. FARM ROAD - LONGLEG'S CAR - DAY

76

We are looking again at Longlegs as he drives into the sunset, squinting into the harsh, low light.

His eyes dully fixed on the highway, he's very still, and then, without warning, and at the very top of his lungs --

LONGLEGS
 (plaintive, shrill)
 DADDY...?!?!
 (pause, then)
 MOMMMMMYYYYYYYY... ?!?!
 (then)
 UNMAKE ME!! AND SAVE ME FROM THE
 HELL OF LIVING!!

And just like that he re-relaxes his face, eyes dull on the road ahead.

OFF his ruined features we CROSS DISSOLVE TO --

77

INT. CORONER'S EXAM ROOM - DAY

77

THE FACE OF CARRIE ANNE'S EFFIGY, laid out on an exam table.

Carter, Lee and the **CORONER** looking down at it: slightly smaller than a real 12 year old would be, but proportionate.

Its canvas trunk cut open, flaps splayed to reveal a darkly molded cavity. *

In an **aluminum examiner's tray** near the thing's head we see a **blackened iron sphere**, roughly the size of a pingpong ball. *

CORONER
 She's handmade, that's for sure.
 And beautifully handmade at that.
 Porcelain head, hands and feet,
 unbleached canvas body, cotton
 stuffing. The hair is human, what's
 left of it.

On Lee, her mind turning --

CORONER (CONT'D)
 All in all, it's beautifully made,
 by a highly-skilled craftsman.
 Someone loved making this. It's
 impossible to imagine it would be
 the only one of its kind.

CARTER
What about that ball there?

*
*

CORONER
It was in the head. So I've been
calling it the brain. Hollow, and
empty of matter or object. But
listen.

*
*
*
*
*

The Coroner puts an ultrasound wand to the iron ball, and now
coming out of a little fuzzy speaker --

A **SWIRLING, SCRATCHY PULSE**, very, very faint, like a fetal
heartbeat, but arhythmic and uneven, rising and retreating.

CARTER
How does it do that?

CORONER
Beats me, but it does.
(then)
When I first heard it, I could have
sworn it was whispering my ex-
wife's name over and over again.
But I'd been working very late, and
of course it wasn't...

He smiles haltingly. Carter doesn't have time for --

CARTER
Can the "brain" be opened up?

*

CORONER
Probably. But the biggest part of
me wants to keep it intact a while
longer. It's a masterful work of
art.

(then)
And it's not likely there's a
solution to your case in there.
Because there's nothing in there.

CARTER
Let's go see Carrie Anne Camera.

Lee's attention is fixed on the effigy's bare head, the
scant, scraggly wisps of dead hair still attached.

OFF Lee, we go to --

78

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY [1975]

78

On a bench, **YOUNG LEE** sits with **RUTH**. Lee is holding a doll, its eyelids CLICKING as she lifts its head and tips it back down again.

Both she and Ruth are pretending not to hear the OFF-SCREEN
WAILING of some UNSEEN PATIENT while they wait for --

*
*

An **ADMITTING NURSE** who appears in the doorway --

*

ADMITTING NURSE

*

Ms. Harker? We're ready to see you
now. Would you like to come in?

*
*

Ruth turns to Lee --

*

RUTH

*

I'll be right back, okay, sweetpea?

*

Young Lee doesn't nod or shake her head. She knows it doesn't
matter if it's okay with her or not. There is sadness in
Ruth's eyes as she squeezes her kid and gets up and goes, not
daring to look back.

*
*
*
*

CLINICAL DIRECTOR

No, I wasn't on site at the time,
unfortunately. But the log should
say...

Lee pauses her leafing through when she finds the entry she's
looking for: yesterday, Carrie Anne Camera was visited by -- *

Lee Harker. Monday the 11th at 3:33pm. *

She looks to Carter, and he reads it, too, and --

LEE

Does the guard at the sign-in check
IDs?

CLINICAL DIRECTOR

It does sound like a good idea, but
no. No, we do not require that.

Carter doesn't need this --

CARTER

We'd like to talk to Carrie Anne in
person now, please.

82A

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

82A

The Clinical Director guides them down a corridor, down a
flight of steps, down another flight of steps --

CLINICAL DIRECTOR

The visitor room is just down on
this floor, to the left there --

Carter doesn't look back, raises a hand.

CARTER

Thank you we can find it from here. *

The Clinical Director is mildly offended, moves away. At the
end of the corridor, at a door marked **GAMES ROOM**, Lee musters
the courage and -- *

LEE

Sir. If I might, I'd like to try
talking to her alone.

(off Carter)

Only because a man with a badge can
be intimidating to a woman.

CARTER

I've never had a problem putting
female witnesses at ease, Agent
Harker.

LEE

With all due respect, sir, how do
you know they were at ease? And not
just afraid of you.

He sharpens his eyes at her, but knows she's right, and so --

83

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - GAMES ROOM - DAY

83

CARRIE ANNE CAMERA IN HER 30'S, scrubbed and shiny, bright
eyes fixed in the distance, and not on Lee who's alone with
her, a faint awed smile on her lips. Her left arm is gone.

CARRIE ANNE

I seen you before, ain't I?

LEE

I don't think so.

CARRIE ANNE

You been'ta my house. Or someone
s'looks s'lots likes you, anyways.

LEE

How do you feel today, Carrie Anne?

CARRIE ANNE

Mm. Different?

(then)

S'like a long dream. And so dark, a
world of dark. Like a nowhere tween
here and there. What's it called?
Doin' the limbo? Wet dirt and
worms. S'like I can't move, and I
know I can't open my mouth, 'cuz
I'll be filled with dirt. Can't
open my eyes, 'cuz if I do the
worms will eat 'em.

(then)

But nowz the eyes in my head's is
open agin. An' I can a'see
errything.

*
*
*
*

LEE

And before that? Before the long
dream as you call it... do you
remember anything? Do you remember
coming here?

Carrie Anne searches her mind, what there is of it. Nothing.

LEE (CONT'D)

Do you remember your parents?

Carrie Anne's eyes shift, thinking, remembering. And perhaps
we expect sadness, or fear. But a wide smile spreads on her
face, something funny coming into her mind. So funny it makes
her laugh out loud. Like remembering a pretty good joke.

CARRIE ANNE

They didn't a'know whats t'do with
'emselfes! I mean gosh'n I knew'd
I's a handful as it wers, but then
when it came into ours house --

She holds, eyes shifting, refocusing, resetting her thoughts.

CARRIE ANNE (CONT'D)

Then the priest. He'd come alright
but it'd din matter none. He wasn't
gonna b'able ta'gets it outta there
--

*

She stops herself, holds her mouth closed.

LEE

The priest... wasn't going to be
able to get what out of there?

But Carrie Anne holds a tense silence, before --

CARRIE ANNE

Momma allays hated me cuz how'd I
come out wronglee when I's borned.
And bled her up too much.

(then)

But Poppa was a good man. Thatz why
he done it. Cuz'n he was good.
That's a sumthins I 'amember
good...

Lee watches Carrie Anne's eyes go far away, reeling back into
the mazes of memory.

We hear a faint **SLITHERING SOUNDScape**, a **HISSING**, a **CHURNING**,
a very low **MOANING**, as if what Carrie Anne is hearing.

And blooming outward from the middle of her forehead, a **vignetted iris effect** dilates, opening up to reveal --

84

INT. LONGLEGS' LAIR - NIGHT

84

LONGLEGS in the 70s, as seen briefly in the opening, here gazing plainly into the lens: pale and clammy, a halo of frizzy hair on his head. *

He blows lightly into the lens - into our faces, as it were - as if gently cooling something off. *

The look in his eyes is pure, expectant love, like an old-world craftsman might feel for the things he makes, the love one would find in, say, Geppetto's eyes.

LONGLEGS

There. She is. *

(then)

And what's your name, little angel? *

The slithering soundscape rises, recedes. And it's as if Longlegs heard it, an answer in his head. He smiles a little.

LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

Nice to meet you. Carrie Anne.

And now he moves away, revealing a **mirror framed with lightbulbs**, as in a dressing room. And in the mirror we see --

THE EERILY FROZEN FACE OF CARRIE ANNE CAMERA AT AGE 12.

There's something unnatural about it: her eyes are open too wide and unblinking, her skin too pristine and shining, as if polished. She's sitting perfectly still, and --

Longlegs steps back into the POV, blocking our view to hold up a long swath of semi-opaque black fabric, like a **veil**.

LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

(soft)

Now. I know you're not. Afraid of a little bit of dark.

(closer, whispers)

Because. You are the dark.

He gently covers us with the veil, dimming our view.

And now we're being put into a box, the box flaps closing over our eyes, as it were.

But we can see through the slit.

Enough to see a SECOND PERSON in the room with Longlegs:

A **WOMAN**. Slight in shape and build.

JUMP CUT AHEAD TO --

85

INT. CAMERA FAMILY FARM - LIVING ROOM - DAY

85

The box flaps are opened to let us see more clearly, still veiled but clear enough to see the dim shapes of a **MAN** and **WOMAN. PARENTS.**

The veil is lifted up and away, revealing the expectant faces of a **WORN OUT MATRONLY WOMAN** [MOTHER CAMERA] and a **GAUNT SLIGHTLY OLDER MAN WITH HAUNTED EYES** [FATHER CAMERA] --

Their reactions to what they see are markedly different:

Mother Camera feels a rising revulsion, bile in her throat.

Father Camera is quietly falling in love, and swallowing it, covering it with shame, and fear.

And we see that the source of the veiled POV is **CARRIE ANNE CAMERA'S EFFIGY**, here clean and new.

Looking into its placid face, its fixed eyes, the slithering soundscape rises, like water boiling. And --

86

INT. CAMERA FAMILY FARM - DINING ROOM - DAY

86

At the table, Mother and Father Camera sit with Carrie Anne [12] and **with Carrie Anne's Effigy.**

The family is looking at it, into the lens, the faint **SLITHERING SOUNDSCAPE** persisting: LOW MOANING and MOLTEN, SHIFTING ROCK, rhythmic like a heartbeat.

*
*

And from here we go into --

87

INT./EXT. CAMERA FAMILY FARM - DAY

87

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CAMERA FAMILY IN 1975. We watch the unfolding events that led Father Camera to try to kill everyone, told without dialogue --

*

We are inside of the fixed POV when it's picked up and moved, and we are able to clearly see the mixed emotions on the faces of the parents who lean in close.

We watch Carrie Anne's school bus disappear down the road,
with Carrie Anne inside, leaving her parents at home --

Because both Mother and Father Camera want to be alone with the effigy.

Father Camera likes to have it up on his knee, to peck at it, feeling so ashamed. He sits it at the dining room table, the window behind its head spattered with a halo of scrabbling **flies** that BBZZZT desperately on the other side of the glass.

Mother Camera likes to position it to "watch" her strip down to her underwear, then running **the point of a paring knife across her C-section scar**, not hard enough to break the skin. *

Mother Camera then approaches the effigy with the knife pointed outward, stabbing it repeatedly in its lower abdomen - *oh the pain of childbirth* - with no readable expression.

IN A FIELD BEHIND THE HOUSE [SOMETIME LATER], Father Camera walks away from several **cow corpses**, all of them **headless** thanks to the **axe** now slung over his shoulder like nothing is special or strange about it. *

Never mind the generously bleeding severed cow's head in his fist... *

And then we watch from the effigy's POV as the family is visited by a **PRIEST** -- *

The Priest sees the effigy sitting in a chair upon entering the house, thinks it's Carrie Anne, then sees it isn't. *

Flustered, the Priest pales, readjusting, and goes to sit down in the living room.

**** NOTE that we see at the edge of frame a pair of female legs in starchy stockings, simple leather shoes ****

The Priest acknowledges this mysterious female presence, leaving him even more defenseless and caught off-guard by Father Camera coming swiftly into the room with his **axe**. *

The Priest puts up his hands, bewildered and horrified, scrambles out of frame. Father Camera follows. *

The effigy's POV waits now for Mother Camera to come back into the room with it, close up to gaze into its POV for one last long look before Father Camera reappears in the doorframe, axe raised high over his head, bringing it down hard between her shoulder blades -- *

Mother Camera shudders horribly and crumples down out of frame, leaving the effigy POV to watch dispassionately as Father Camera tries to pull the axe from his wife's back. *

But he can't get the axe blade free, and so figures he'll just use its handle like a lever to drag her out of the room, hot blood smearing across the floor as he goes...

88

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - GAMES ROOM - DAY [1993]

88

RESUME SCENE: Lee didn't see any of that, of course, and is watching Carrie Anne's tight expression. She re-approaches --

LEE

Carrie Anne? Can I ask what you're thinking about right now?

CARRIE ANNE

Jes thinkin' 'bout how persons come, and then they go.

*

Carrie Anne doesn't know what else to say. And so --

LEE

You had a visitor yesterday.

And then Carrie Anne's expression melts, eyes shining as they look into the distance, as if receiving some transmission.

LEE (CONT'D)

The man who came to visit you. Do you think you'd be able to describe him for me, in detail?

CARRIE ANNE

Gosh, I don' ever wanna forget 'im. He made me what I's to this day. Builte me with'n his hands, put me a'gether.

(then)

An' all these times, when I's jes settin' here a'sleepin'... I's jes waitin on 'im to come 'n git me.

LEE

You were waiting for him? Waiting for him to come and get you, Carrie Anne?

CARRIE ANNE

(smiles)

Yep. Yeppitydoobops. To come'n tells me somethins to do fer'im. Or, eavern better, to do somethins fer the Man Downthestairs.

(then)

An' boy I jes wanna do whatseversohesays me to do. Like if'n he tolds me ta take a jumpy out'a window, I'd surely do. Jes happy as peaches to watch'n the ground as it comeup ta meet me.

And now she looks directly at Lee.

CARRIE ANNE (CONT'D)

Or if'n he tolds me ta'kill you rightright here in this rum with ma bared hand, I'd surely do.

(MORE)

*
*
*
*
*

*

CARRIE ANNE (CONT'D)

Jes happy as peaches to watch'n yer
heavyheart go popop an' yer eyeses
to go all ta'blood.

(then)

But, nope I'd never, neverneverever
sayz t'you what he s'looks like.

Lee is chilled, but holds, not going to back off.

LEE

Carrie Anne, do you remember having
a special doll? A pretty, special
doll that looked just like you?

Carrie Anne doesn't even pretend to think about it.

CARRIE ANNE

Nope.

Lee waits as Carrie Anne gazes at her for a long time before
leaning in very slightly, a flicker of a smile.

CARRIE ANNE (CONT'D)

And you don't a'member, neithers,
ya dirtsy, flirtsy ole angel bitch.

*

89

INT. FBI HQ - CARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

89

SURVEILLANCE VIDEO PLAYBACK. A short loop of a tall, lean **MAN IN WHITE CLOTHES**, entering the hospital. This is 90s surveillance video, and not great: the date and time are clear - **1/12/1993** - but the man can't be identified.

*
*

CARTER [OVER]
I hate it when they return to the scene like that.

As usual, the video is playing on the TV in --

CARTER'S OFFICE [SAME MOMENT]

Carter at his desk, Lee at the wall of evidence.

LEE
Carrie Anne felt like she'd been woken from a deep sleep, brought back to life. Like she could breathe again, after being buried.

*
*

CARTER
"Where Xs mark the spot"...

LEE
It was like she was coming out of a spell, and now she's ready.

*
*
*

CARTER
Ready for what?

*
*

LEE
Seems like she's ready to do anything he says.

*
*
*

CARTER
Anything Longlegs says?

*
*

LEE
She called him 'the man down the stairs'.

*
*
*

CARTER
Down the stairs from where?

*
*

Lee feels a flicker of deja-vu, doesn't know what to make of--

*

LEE
I have no idea.

*
*

CARTER

(watches her, and then)

All right, so he murders a family
in '75, but probably isn't even in
the house when they're killed, then
comes back almost 20 years later to
visit the only survivor, signs in
as the Agent who's trying to catch
him, and leaves his only surviving
victim feeling much, much better
than before he got there.

LEE

She came out of her catatonia on
the same day we found the. The
doll.

CARTER

How could that be anything but a
coincidence.

LEE

We need to open the heart in Carrie
Anne's doll, see what's in it.

CARTER

Okay. Why?

LEE

To see if there's something there
that we're missing. I don't know,
something that makes it... work?

CARTER

(he doubts it)

He kills them with a doll. From
somewhere else. By remote control.

LEE

He wanted us to find the doll of
Carrie Anne. He wants us to see
what he's doing, and let us know
that we're close to him.

(then)

I think he's encouraging us.

Carter holds, considers her.

*

CARTER
Or he's encouraging you.
(then)
Sit down.

Lee tenses a little, keeps it to herself; she sits --

CARTER (CONT'D)
How does he know you, Harker?

LEE
I have no idea, sir.

*

CARTER
So you keep saying.
(then)
Last week this investigation is ice
cold. Then you come onto it and all
of a sudden it's flowing like, I
don't know... hot lava. What aren't
you telling me?

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Carter studies his rookie Agent, the wall behind her covered
with evidence, like a dense jungle --

CARTER (CONT'D)
I revisited your file. When was the
last time you talked to your
mother?
(off Lee's look)
She was a resident nurse for eight
years, then started voluntarily
admitting herself into mental
institutions on and off, starting
when you were still pretty young.
That couldn't have been easy.

*
*
*
*
*
*

LEE
I managed.

CARTER
I meant it couldn't have been easy
for her. Any idea what issues she
was dealing with at the time?

*
*

LEE
She never talked about it with me.

*
*

CARTER
She called in a police report on
January 13, 1974. One day before
your 9th birthday.

*
*
*
*

Lee is caught off guard.

LEE

She did? What does any of this have
to do with the case?

*
*

CARTER

She did. Gave a description of a
trespasser.

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)

Do you remember someone at your
house that might have looked that
way? Tall and pale like that?

Lee's eyes shift. She thinks about it, wants to remember --

*

LEE

My mom was sad. Her boyfriend had
left us. Gus. He drank a lot. So
they fought a lot. But he was nice
to me.

*

*

CARTER

How nice?

LEE

No. Not like that.

CARTER

Are you sure?

Lee's not feeling too sure of anything, presses on --

LEE

Gus must have come back late at
night and she didn't want him
there. I don't know.

*

*

Carter doesn't think so.

*

CARTER

Go see her. And tell me what she says about the person who came to your house when you were a kid.

LEE

Yes, sir.

CARTER

I wonder if I should send someone with you.

LEE

Sir. Please. If I can just talk to her myself. She's old.

CARTER

She's 54.

Lee is saddened: *her poor mother is really only 54.*

*

CARTER (CONT'D)

You get one visit alone. Right now.
Go.

She gets up and goes out, leaving the chair empty. We hold on the empty chair for long enough to SLOWLY CROSS-DISSOLVE TO --

90

EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DAY

90

Seen in our opening in the early 1970s, but here in our **1993 present** it's very much worse for wear. Someone let it fall into disrepair, the surrounding grounds overgrown and dying.

Parked in front are **a little car** [that must be her Mom's] and **an old car under a tarp** [that presumably no one ever drives].

Superimpose title: **Part Three. All Of Your Things.**

Lee's brown Crown Vic rolls up the unkempt wooded driveway.

91

INT./EXT RUTH'S HOUSE - LEE'S CAR - DAY

91

Lee stiffens a little at the sight of the house, but she's holding everything in.

She parks and kills the engine, keeping her eyes hard.

92

EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - FIELD - DAY

92 *

She gets out of her car, and we watch her from a distance,
from deep within the dry brush that surrounds the property --

We watch for a long moment from the distance, very still.

And then the camera turns away, now feeling like a POV, a POV
that takes a single CRUNCHING step into the woods --

An ABRUPT CUT TO

93

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - RUTH'S BEDROOM - DAY93

Floor-to-ceiling crammed with stuff: a **HOARDER's** home. We're watching the door when it's keyed open and Lee enters, expecting the scene but still stifled by it --

LEE
(calls out)
Mom?

Lee navigates deeper into the house, staving off overwhelm at what she sees. Piles and piles and piles and piles --

It physically pains Lee to see this. She steels herself.

IN A BEDROOM, she finds her Mother **RUTH**, early-50s but pale and withered, a dim and flickering specter of the woman we met in the opening. Her eyes twitch with recognition.

RUTH
I keep forgetting how tall you are.

LEE
Hi, Mom.

Lee goes over to her mother - impossibly long hair, brushed - and gently touches her shoulder before stooping down to embrace her. Her mother returns the embrace with a single hand on Lee's arm, squeezing it affectionately.

RUTH
Will you tell me the honest truth
about something?

LEE
I'll try.

RUTH
Do you still say your prayers?

Lee considers it. She knows the truth. And so --

LEE
No, Mom. I never said my prayers.
Never once. They scared me.

Ruth looks at her, decides how she feels.

She decides it's funny that Lee never said her prayers.

And so she laughs.

And Lee can't help but smile, too. The relief of telling the truth.

LEE (CONT'D)
What's so funny.

RUTH
Oh, I don't know. Maybe only that it's true, and you're right: our prayers don't keep us safe. Our prayers don't do a goddamn thing.

Lee watches her Mom. It's rare that they agree on things like this. *Is this a new level of comfortable intimacy?*

LEE
(a warm pause)
I'll make you something to eat, okay?

RUTH
That's fine. But. Rinse the soup can. Put it aside.
(then)
I never threw anything away, so don't you, either.

94

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

94

In a t-shirt and rubber gloves, Lee has made space on the crusty stove to heat soup while she tries to get some stuff into large garbage bags.

On the counter, **boxes of medical supplies**. Here's one that's just rolls of gauze. Here's one that's full of **syringes**.

There's a file box under the kitchen table. Lee looks inside.

Neatly, individually packaged **cut fingernails**, with dates written on the packages, between 1971 and 1980.

Neatly packaged, dry **baby teeth**, dated in the same way.

Neatly packaged **human hair**, all Lee's color, dated in the same way: a detailed log of Lee's childhood haircuts...

LEE
(hushed, appalled)
Jesus christ, mom.

She hears the **WHUMP** of a water heater flame lighting up, somewhere else in the house but present in here; she feels it in her bones.

But no one is running water, are they?

And anyway the water heater is in the --

She looks to **the grease-spattered basement door.**

Just then, a **large cockroach** scuttles out from under the door and speeds across the floor. Soon, another follows.

No one likes a cockroach and Lee's no different; she holds a grimace as she gets up to go to the basement door, but --

It's locked. The knob stiff in her hand.

She looks up. Next to the door there is a **rack of keys** - a dense collection and far too many to try any of them.

The especially sharp viewer will notice that **four or five of the keys have a natty rabbit's foot keychain** attached, including the one we saw in the very first shot.

Lee's intuition is rising. But just then --

RUTH (O.S.)
(calls out)
Lee?!

She turns away from whatever thought she was having, and --

95

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - RUTH'S BEDROOM - DAY

95

Lee brings in soup, looks for a place to put it down.

RUTH
I can't believe it's going to be
your birthday again so soon.

LEE
Yep, here it comes again.

RUTH
*What a day that was. That day when
I was the one who suffered. I bled
and bled and bled and bled and
bled.*

*
*
*

Lee looks at her mom; hard to believe this wasted woman was ever strong enough to give birth.

LEE

Hey, mom... do you know which one
is the key to the basement?

*

RUTH

It's there somewhere. I'll look for
it later.

*

*

*

Lee holds, regards her Mother in the gray light.

*

LEE

Mom? Do you remember my 9th
birthday?

RUTH

No. I don't think so.

*

LEE

Are you sure?

RUTH

I don't remember anything. Do you?

She looks sharply at Lee. Watching her.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Well? Do you?

*

Lee holds. She really doesn't remember anything.

LEE

What happened that day?

RUTH

No.

LEE

What do you mean, "no"?

RUTH

'No' is just like it sounds, baby girl.

*
*

LEE

(a pause, and then)
Someone was here. A man.

Ruth considers a memory, lets it pass.

RUTH

No one ever came to visit us. Not
any family. No strangers. No big
bad wolves. No anybody.

Lee holds. *She said the same thing to Carter earlier, didn't she...?* Lee shakes it off, resets, tries a firmer grip.

LEE

You called the police that day. To
report a trespasser.

*
*

RUTH

That's right. I did. Gus came back.
He was drunk and I didn't want to
do that with him anymore.

(then)

But these are things a little girl
shouldn't know, for it is the
knowing makes you a woman before
you are through being a child.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

LEE

I always knew when Gus was drunk,
and when he wasn't. And I'm not a
child, mom.

*
*
*

Ruth turns to look at Lee, fear in her eyes --

RUTH

You're not a child because you were
allowed to grow up.

*

LEE

Allowed?

RUTH

It's a cruel world. Especially for
the little things. Not all of them
are allowed to live.

*

LEE

Mom, what are you --

RUTH

(this conversation is
over)

I might have forgotten as much as I
possibly could. For both of our
sakes. But I never threw anything
away. All of your things. It's all
in your room.

*

*

*

96

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - LEE'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

96

Lee standing in a room that is not like the rest of the
cluttered house: a "creepily untouched time-capsule", frozen
in time from when we saw it in flashback.

The neatly-made bed, trim curtains drawn shut.

Lee sit on the bed, taking in the space.

Her intuition rising --

Her eyes drift to her **toy chest** in the corner, the one with
"my stuff" stenciled on the lid. Lee still has on rubber
gloves so she lets her fingertips touch it. But --

Lifting the lid feels a bit too Pandora's Box, so she slides
it away from the corner, revealing a dust outline and turning
it a little as if to judge its size and weight --

She holds her breath, and with a **heavy clunk** --

97

EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - LEE'S CAR - NIGHT

97

Lee has hoisted the toy chest into her car's trunk, looking down at its closed lid. **SLAMMING** the trunk shut, we CUT TO --

98

INT. LEE'S BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

98

Matching with the car trunk **SLAMMING** shut, the lid on the toy chest is here **OPENED**. Lee peers in: the undisturbed top layer is toys, stuffed animals, as expected.

Lee **SNAPS** on a pair of **rubber gloves** before digging in, pulling out stuffed animals, small dolls with eyelids that **CLICK** open when you hold them upright. Lee notes one of these dolls has **very real-seeming hair**.

And under everything else, on the wood bottom of the chest, Lee sees a **neat rubber banded stack of Polaroid pictures**.

She snaps off the rubber band, shuffles through them --

There's **LEE WHEN SHE WAS NINE** - some funny self portraits.

And here's an unflattering, overexposed picture of **RUTH WHEN SHE WAS YOUNGER**. Lee continues to shuffle. Here they are in front of their church.

Lee shuffles, and stops on something that we don't yet see --

And she's terrified, hinging back on her heels away from it, as one might do upon discovering a bad spider.

Her eyes shift. She didn't remember this. But now a gripping feeling of dread is upon her, a shadow of recognition. *

She carefully reaches for the fallen Polaroid, turning it over to face her, and then really seeing it -- *

PRE-LAP the **WHUMP** of a water heater flame igniting, and -- *

99

OMITTED

99

100

INT. LONGLEGS' LAIR - NIGHT

100

It's very dark in here.

And rising up from behind the darkness, the SLITHERING
SOUNDSCAPE and **GROWLING VOICE** that we associate with
Longlegs, the low purr of its constant degradation.

And **CLICK** --

A work light goes on in a darkened workspace, illuminating
the **porcelain head** of an effigy [a replica of the one
Longlegs was working on when he cracked the head].

And so this must be Longlegs' hand covering the face as he
swivels in his work stool to reach for a **wig**, fits it on.

[Note: this is Ruby Carter's wig/hair, but not yet braided
nor tied with her signature pink hair ties; and even better
if this hair can in some way vaguely resemble Lee's hair].

Longlegs stops to regard his work. It used to give him
something like pleasure, to make his eyes shine with pride.

But today his eyes only flicker with the memory of those
days. And in his head, the **GROWLING VOICE** never stops
whispering its hissing insults.

Longlegs addresses the doll's head, without much energy --

LONGLEGS

There she is. The Almost. Birthday
girl.

He raises the effigy's head to his lips, planting a single
tender kiss on its forehead --

101

EXT. WOODED PATH - DAY

101

Moving with Carter; let's face it, the guy's in ex-Navy Seal shape as he hustles along a wet wooded path in the very first light of morning. *

His face is tight with thought, and worry. And then --

Headlights.

There in the grainy morning light behind him down the street. He slows, breathing hard as he watches the approach of --

Lee's standard-issue Crown Vic, and Lee getting out --

CARTER

Harker. Did you go see your --

She hands over the still-unseen Polaroid. He takes it in.

CARTER (CONT'D)

What's this?

LEE

It's him.

Carter looks again, sharpening his eyes.

CARTER

It's him how? Where did this come from?

Lee considers how to answer --

LEE

I found it in an old box of pictures at my house. *

He looks at her, desperate for something to go on. *

CARTER

We'll need to bring her in, find out what else she remembers.

LEE

I can talk to her some more, and I will. But right now, we have this.

CARTER

And you're sure you want me to start a manhunt with this? It could be anybody...

LEE

I'm as sure about it as I was about
the random number generator.

CARTER

The times you got it right.

*

LEE

This is one of those times.

He watches her eyes. And, off Lee, we go to --

*

102

OMITTED

102

103

TEXT. ND BUS STOP - DAY

103

*

There's a middle aged white man waiting for the bus.

The man's name is **DALE KOBBLE**.

But sometimes he calls himself **LONGLEGS**.

His face really isn't great. You'd look twice before looking
away if you saw him out and about.

*

He's wearing a **bulky backpack** and holding an old suitcase in
each of his hands.

He's all alone. Just a citizen waiting for the bus on an
otherwise empty road. He looks down to one end. No one.

He looks down to the other end of the road, watching now the
long approach of --

A **SWAT VAN** flanked by **police cruisers**.

He looks down the other end of the road.

More fast-approaching **law enforcement vehicles**.

Longlegs makes no move to try to run, or hide, or anything.

He only watches them all come.

KOBBLE

(for only himself)

And. This is why. I never ride the
bus.

*

104

INT. FBI HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - 90S VIDEO

104

GRAINY, FADED COLOR 90S VIDEO. CLOSE UP of Kobble in an interrogation room, still and staring straight ahead.

UNSEEN AGENT [ON VIDEO]
State your name for the camera.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO]
Dale Ferdinand Kobble. Es-queer.

UNSEEN AGENT [ON VIDEO]
Ever go by any other name?

Kobble/Longlegs stares straight ahead, blinks once.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO]
Only. When I'm at. Work.

UNSEEN AGENT [ON VIDEO]
Ever call yourself Longlegs?

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO]
Only. When I'm at. Work.

The Unseen Agent makes room for more, and gets it --

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO] (CONT'D)
One. One four.
(long pause, then)
One. One four. Mister Downstairs at
yer door. Wearing a nice face. One
face. Or. Nun face. Ding dong. Ding
dong. Upside down angels. Is never
wrong. So what if they slip. A
little. On the milk. On the moon?
(and then)
When. Do I see Lee?

UNSEEN AGENT [ON VIDEO]
Lee who?

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO]
Come on. Harker. The herald. Angels
sing.

There is a long pause, the HISS of the video.

UNSEEN AGENT [ON VIDEO] (O.C.)
Where did you hear that name?

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO]
On the radio. In my skull.
(then)
Now look. The sooner. I can talk to
Lee. The sooner I can get on with
it.

UNSEEN AGENT [ON VIDEO]
Get on with what?

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO]
My ending. And Lee starting. If she
chooses to start.

UNSEEN AGENT [ON VIDEO]
(a long pause)
How do you know Lee Harker?

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO]
(a long pause)
A friend of a friend. Of a friend
of a friend.

*

And Kobble's eyes soften into pure... love.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO] (CONT'D)
And this friend. Wants me to say
"Happy Birthday, Lee Harker." He
wants all of you to know he'll be
there. He wouldn't miss it for all
the world.

He turns his eyes unceremoniously to the video camera's lens.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO] (CONT'D)
And you'll be there. And you'll be
there. And you'll be there.

And then Kobble starts to **SING**, loud and forcefully, as if in
a rapture, and trying to be heard above other voices --

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS [ON VIDEO] (CONT'D)
(sings)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU! HAPPY
BIRTHDAY TO YOU! HAPPY BIRTHDAY,
LEE HARKER, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
CRIMSON AND CLOVER OVER AND OVER,
CRIMSON AND CLOVER OVER AND OVER,
CRIMSON AND CLOVER OVER AND --

The image is paused on Kobble's face, his eyes straight into
the video lens, and we find that we are in --

105

INT. FBI HQ - CARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

105

Carter in shirtsleeves behind his desk. Lee is there, too,
along with a **FEW OTHER OFFICIALS**, and **SPECIAL AGENT BROWNING**.

Kobble's face is paused on a TV screen. Carter notices Lee fixed on it so he clicks the TV off with the remote --

BROWNING

It goes on like that for a while.

LEE

For how long?

BROWNING

Twenty-four minutes.

Carter watches Lee. No reaction.

BROWNING (CONT'D)

His luggage was stuffed with notebooks filled with handwriting. Handwriting that matches the letters found at the scene. And, suffice to say, it's all heavily Satanic.

(then)

In the ones we've been able to study so far we've found repeated reference to what he calls "my master's voice". A voice in his head that tells him what do to, along with potentially tens of thousands of pages of what appears to be automatic or channeled writing, as if he were taking dictation from an outside source. Consistent with Satanism and Devil worship in some cases, for sure, with the subject willfully convinced that he is some kind of chosen vessel, a messenger. The devil's mouthpiece, as it were.

CARTER

Look, the guy might have some psychic ability, but it's a long way from the guy getting marching orders from... I don't know
(he searches for the term)

LEE

Or the man downstairs.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

There is a dim flicker of deja-vu that Lee can't place.

*

BROWNING

Agent Harker, while the Bureau does appreciate your contribution here, it also puts us in an odd position.

(off Lee)

So far there is no physical evidence that Kobble has ever killed anyone. He worships the Devil, that's for sure, but in the United States of America he's allowed to do that.

*
*
*

She casts a glance at Lee. Lee doesn't return it.

*

BROWNING (CONT'D)

But he can't do anything else about it now that we have him.

*
*

LEE

Having him in custody won't make any difference.

*

There's a silence in the room, an anticipation of what Lee might say next. And probably no one expects --

*
*

LEE (CONT'D)

(recites)

And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a Beast rise up out of the sea, with seven heads and ten horns, and on his horns he wore ten crowns, and on each head was written the blasphemous name.

*

BROWNING

Book of Revelations, isn't it?

LEE

Revelation. No 's'. Singular. And yes, ma'am: everything we see here every day, everything we pursue to try and stop, and cage... the serial killer, the child pornographer, the terrorist, they're all heads coming off of the one singular Beast.

*

*
*

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

Call it the Hydra. Or the Devil, if
you want. Or human nature.

CARTER

Is this leading up to a point,
Harker?

Lee's mind turning, gaining little traction --

LEE

Longlegs is only one head on the
beast. He isn't alone. He has to
have had a helper, or helpers.
Someone the families felt
comfortable letting into their
homes.

BROWNING

Someone they know? Or have met
before?

LEE

Or a child. Or maybe someone who
could pass for a child.

CARTER

Come on, Harker. We got the guy who
wrote the letters... he's not going
anywhere.

All eyes are on Lee. She turns to the list of numbers, the
inverted triangle that's up on the board.

LEE

But he's not done. The triangle is
still missing the 13th.

BROWNING

The 13th was yesterday. And no one
was murdered by Longlegs. That we
know about.

LEE

It doesn't need to have been this
month. It could be years from now.

(then)

We can expect his accomplice to
kill one more family before this is
all done. And only Kobbler knows who
that is.

*

Lee feels everyone's eyes and energy on her.

*

LEE

Kobble. Where is he now?

BROWNING

He's downstairs, right under your feet.

*

106

INT. FBI HQ - CORRIDOR - DAY

106

Lee is waiting to be let in to see Longlegs/Kobble, head down and focusing on her breath, hands in her jacket pockets, absently feeling around and pulling out --

The trophy head from Ruby Carter. It feels weird and true and significant so she closes her hand around it, takes a breath.

The door **BUZZES** loudly and it's time to go into --

107

INT. FBI HQ - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

107

Kobble [Longlegs] regards Lee seated across a wide table at a safe distance. Kobble's wrists are shackled in front of him, fixed to a bar under the table.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS

There she is. The Almost Birthday girl. You. Never forget. Your sixth. You'll see.

*
*
*

He gazes at her for a long moment. He allows a small smile.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. This isn't more. Private-eyes'd.

*

Needless to say there is a two way mirror, and the silent presence of everyone on the other side of it.

LEE

You've had plenty of opportunity
for privacy. So why give yourself
up now, and put yourself in here
where everybody's watching?

*
*
*

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS

This is the only. Safe way. For me.
To be with you. Because I've seen
you. And what you can do. If I'd
approached you on the street. Or at
your bedroom window. You would
have. Shot me in the brains. Before
I could. Get a word out.

*
*

(then)

You know. It was funny. The day you
decided to go. Into law
enforcement. You were twenty.

*

(then)

We had a good. Laugh about it.
Although it was only me. Who
laughed. Not she.

*

He looks at Lee plainly.

*

LEE

Who is the "she" that you're
talking about?

*
*
*

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS

The first She. To be given. The
same choice. That they've all. Been
given. Crimson. Or clover. Accept
the gift, and destroy it. And
yourself. And yourSELVES. And be
done with it.

There is a long pause.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

Or keep it. And bow down. All the
way. Down. And get. Right down to
it. To. The dirty, dirty work.

(then)

Work that gets. Dirty as it cleans.
Like. A mop. Like. A rag.

Lee holds, presses into her own reserves of strength and
presence, trying to regain control of the interview --

LEE

But you don't work alone, do you?
(then, off his silence)
Someone's been helping you. An
accomplice.

Kobble stays silent.

LEE (CONT'D)

You keep saying "she"...

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS

A. Sister Destroyer.

LEE

What's her name?

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS

Knock Knock. On the farmhouse door.
A nice lady. With a Bible. And a
"congratulations!". You've been
selected. You may collect your
gift. From the church contest.
You've won.

(then, in a "woman's
voice")

Oh. But. We didn't enter any.
Church contest. There must be some.
Mistake.

(in his own voice)

No. No. No. See. Says right here.
Right here.

(then)

(MORE)

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS (CONT'D)
Orders from. The Man Downstairs.
(then)
Says right here. On the. Order. On
the. ORDERS.
(then)
The Camera Family Farmhouse. It's
so. Bright. So bright white. You
can't. Miss it.

LEE
Are you referring to Carrie Anne
Camera? She's been in a mental
institution for the past 20 years.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS
Oh. But, Lee. Your house. Was
white, too. When I came. To visit.
It.

LEE
That was on January 13th, 1974. Is
that right?
(off)
Was that same accomplice with you
on that date?

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS
And then. When house Number Eight.
Was SO white. Whiter than a fish's
throat. Whiter than tits. Then I
knew. The work we were doing. Was
immaculate.

(then)
The work we were doing. Was tidying
up. This dirty, dirty. World.

He gazes at her. She holds, feeling the mirror in the room
with them, and Carter and everyone else behind it --

LEE
But now your work is done, isn't
it. You're in here. And you'll be
in here for the rest of your life.

*

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS

I am. Done. Yes.

(then)

But. I won't be. In here. I'll be.
A little bit. Of everywhere.

(then)

Waiting. In the wings. In our
father's. Wings.

He's locked on her.

LEE

Give me the name of whoever is
helping you...

He really sees her, his eyes brightening.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS

Why don't you. Ask. Your mommy? She
knows.

LEE

My mother doesn't know anything.

And a flicker of a smile threatens his lips, lingers behind
his eyes, but dies before it can be seen.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS

Listen. Can't you hear. Can't you
hear. That.

(then)

Sometimes. The spirits. Can be.
Real. Real. Rude.*
*

And then the light in his eyes fades.

Like the volume being lowered on a radio.

Until his expression is silent.

Solemn.

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS (CONT'D)

Now. I'll. Let you. Get started.

*

He sits back in his chair.

LEE

*Get started with what?*But he isn't going to respond. He tips his head up towards
the ceiling, keeping his eyes on Lee for as long as he can.

But he only holds his head back, now looking straight up at
the ceiling.

*
*

And then, as matter-of-fact as a person can be --

KOBBLE/LONGLEGS

Hail, Satan.

He holds for a moment.

*

And then he slams his head down onto the edge of the table.

*

With such terrible speed and force --

Lee reels back --

Longlegs lifts his head up --

His face broken --

He slams it down again.

She looks to the mirror, the electricity in the air in the room suddenly fully charged --

Longlegs lifts his head up, unsticking it from the table --

His nose is falling off --

Revealing shiny pink cartilage tissue underneath --

He slams his head again --

LEE
(screams)
STOP!

He does.

He does stop.

Because he's dead.

And in the silence of the room, Lee is very still against the back wall, as far as she can get from his blood and brains and face splashed out on the table.

The door to the room opens in graceful **SLOW MOTION** --

Agents storm the space in excruciating **SLOW MOTION**, nothing they can do about anything, like rushing in a dream --

107A INT. FBI CORRIDOR - LATER

107A *

Lee, shaken by the interview, stands with Carter and Browning. Carter is not happy.

*
*

CARTER
That's it, Harker. That's more than enough. We had the guy and now we don't have anything. We let 11 families die and nothing about any of that is better, or okay. But it's done. Nothing else is going to happen.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

LEE

There's no murder on the 13th.

CARTER

While you were in there, we found out Carrie Anne Camera jumped off the roof of River Rock yesterday. He must have told her to do that when he saw her. Just like he somehow told all of the others to do what he wanted.

LEE

But how did he do that.

CARTER

It doesn't matter. Because he can't do it again. It's over.

He takes one last hard look at her before walking away, leaving Lee, shaken, and Browning, whose eyes stay on her.

Browning's eyes soften a little, and --

PRE-LAP a **RUMBLE** of tires on unpaved road, and --

108

INT./EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - LEE'S CAR - DAY

108

Up the same wooded driveway we've come to know, but with more speed and urgency than we've seen before, our POV jostling violently as the tires traverse rough road.

Coming upon Lee's childhood home - her mother's **WHITE HOUSE**.

We see Ruth's little car parked in front. *

Superimpose title over: **Part Four. The Birthday Girls.** *

IN BROWNING'S CAR *

Browning at the wheel, a shaken Lee in the passenger seat. *
They pull up and park. Browning waits for -- *

LEE *
You didn't have to come. *

BROWNING *
I wasn't going to let you drive *
after what you saw today. *
(then) *
Are you all right? *

LEE *
Yes. *

BROWNING *
(no you're not) *
How do you want to do this? *

Lee holds. She's been wondering that herself. *

LEE *
Let me go in alone. *
(then) *
I'm going to tell her she was *
likely an eye-witness to a suspect *
in an ongoing investigation. That *
we believe there might have been *
someone else she saw, that she *
could help us identify. *
(then) *
And that I have to bring her in for *
questioning. *

BROWNING *
All right. I'll be here. *

Lee wants to say *it's my mom, it'll be fine*. But instead she *
doesn't say anything, and gets out of the car, the door *
closing behind her breaking the woodsy quiet. *

She goes up the dirt lawn to the house, to the front door.

She knocks softly. She waits. She keys her way inside. *

109

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - LEE'S CAR - DAY

109

We stay on Browning in MEDIUM CLOSE UP as she watches Lee disappear into the house, the woods soft and out of focus through the rear windshield behind her.

110

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

110

Lee comes in, thinks to call out for her mom, but today feels different so she only listens to the quiet in the house. *

She drifts towards the kitchen.

She sees the **basement door** standing wide open.

In all her life, it's never been open. She holds, and -- *

She moves carefully to it, peering down the dark steps.

There are lights on down there. But from here at the door she can't see around the corner to the main area of the basement which is essentially behind the stairs.

She thinks she's going to go down there.

But before she does, we go back to -- *

111

INT./EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - BROWNING'S CAR - DAY

111

Browning waiting, looks to Ruth's little car, notes the license plate. She looks to the old car under the tarp, can't see the plate. *

And now we feel like we're holding on this shot of Browning waiting for what now feels like too long.

Browning doesn't see or hear or feel the **subtle, steady movement** in her background.

A blurry **FIGURE** back there.

We can't make it out in detail. Slight and feminine.

The Figure drifts out of view. Must be coming around the side of the vehicle. And still Browning has no idea.

Now we're **OUT OF THE CAR**, low to the ground and moving with a pair of bare feet - padding quietly on the dirt ground. *

Browning has no idea --

And doesn't sense the **shotgun barrel** as it enters frame, silently through the open car window, just behind her ear.

Looking down the long barrel, we can just barely make out the blurry figure of -- *

112

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/HALLWAY - DAY

112

BLAM.

Lee heard the SHOTGUN BLAST from the driveway and turns hard on her heel, going for her sidearm, pulling it free.

Stepping swiftly to the front door and looking out --

From Lee's POV [from a distance], we see --

Lee's car, the inside of the windshield spattered hard with blood and skull and brains, the window glass crazed, and --

Her **MOM, RUTH**, going around to the passenger's side of the car, shotgun low, moving with purpose, but hardly rushing.

She's wearing casual nun garb.

What the f --

Head-scarf billowing behind her as she goes around to the driver's side window, Ruth now trains the shotgun on whatever's left of Browning in there!!

BLAM.

The car shudders under the blast. Overkill.

Safe to say Lee doesn't know what to do --

She gets down low, leaning into the door frame, her pistol trained on her Mom, but she's too far away.

And it's her MOM.

Who's now coming back up towards the house, shotgun first.

Lee stays low and ducks back behind the door, listening for footfalls --

There they are. Coming closer.

Lee tucks herself in behind the door, listening.

Her Mom stops just outside the door. Lee holds. *What's she supposed to do? Wheel around and shoot her Mom?*

But now her Mom is moving away from the door. Going around the side of the house, behind the house.

Lee stays low and tries to track her Mom through the downstairs windows. But soon the older woman is out of sight.

Lee sees the open basement door. But she can't go there now. *

She goes to the front door. She ducks outside carefully, gun low, moving around the house as her Mom just did. *

Coming around to the back of the house, ducking behind a corner to look across at -- *

Overgrown brush and weeds in what once might have been an expansive backyard. Now a wasteland. *

And just there, in the middle distance -- *

RUTH in her nun garb, her shotgun still in her hands and aimed at the head of -- *

The **EFFIGY OF 9 YEAR-OLD LEE**, wearing **the puffy jacket** from the opening, standing up on stuffed canvas legs, unsteady, as if strung up by invisible strings from above, or below. *

Lee can't comprehend, looking straight at -- *

An obvious truth, impossible to accept. *

She steadies herself. *

She's law enforcement, for God's sake. *

She raises her sidearm, trains it on Ruth, and on ***that effigy of her 9 year-old self.*** *

LEE
(forceful)
MOM. PUT THE GUN DOWN. *

But Ruth doesn't move, doesn't change the dull expression with which she is looking at the effigy. *

LEE (CONT'D)
Please, mom. Put it down. *

But Ruth doesn't move, the shotgun still aimed at the effigy. *

RUTH
He said it could be nice. But then none of it was nice. *

Lee feels that the effigy is somehow looking at her... *

Looking into her... *

The look on the its face chills her to the bone -- *

LEE

Mom, what is that thing?

RUTH

He said it could be nice. But as
children we are taught never to
accept an offer from a stranger...

And then Ruth's voice changes. It gets *older*, the words
coming out of her mouth as ancient as any evil on Earth.

RUTH (CONT'D)

For thayt stryngyre... myght wyll
be the **Dyvil**...

Ruth keeps her gun aimed right at the thing's head --

There is an UBRUPT CUT and a matching **CLICK** and we see --

113

INT./EXT. ND FAMILY HOME #1 FRONT DOOR - DAY

113

The door opens [**CLICK**] to reveal **RUTH** in her 30s, as she was
when we met her in the beginning.

It's **1975**, and we're at the Camera Family Farm.

Ruth is dressed in her "**casual nun garb**": head covering,
starchy tunic, wool skirt, thick, dark scratchy stockings, a
prominent cross around her neck.

A Bible tucked under her arm, and standing up next to her, a
rectangular box with a bow on it. The box is roughly the size
of a child.

We don't feature the box; there only as part of the tableau.

We see a flash of fear and sadness in her eyes, but she tamps
that all down and flashes a good Christian smile.

RUTH

Congratulations! You've won!

We don't see who she's talking to, but her gaze shifts lower,
as if to a small child now in the doorway, too.

RUTH (CONT'D)

A special surprise!

She looks back up at whoever opened the door for her.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Would it be quite all right if I
came inside for a moment?

Another smile. This one slightly easier to fake. And --

*

113A EXT. CAMERA FAMILY FARM - FRONT DRIVEWAY - DAY

113A

*

A wide shot of the whole farm.

*

RUTH (V.O.)

*

Aynd it were the Dyvil. Aynd it
were *HIM*.

*

*

*

The front door opens and Ruth bursts out, running as fast and
as far as she can before throwing up on the ground.

*

*

RUTH (V.O.)

*

Aynd aye did agzept. Aynd then
aye'saw'n all ove thare fazes.

*

*

*

She looks back to the Camera Family farmhouse, and --

*

114 INT./EXT. VARIOUS FAMILY HOMES - DAY

114

*

Doors open to reveal Ruth and her smile that's gotten better
with practice - more natural - as we see **door after door**
after door open to welcome her.

*

*

*

SIX HOUSES.

*

And an ABRUPT CUT BACK TO --

*

115 EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - FIELD - DAY

115

*

Ruth still has her shotgun aimed at the effigy's head --

*

RUTH

*

All they have to do is let me
inside with it. One step across the
threshold, then off comes the long,
black veil.

*

*

*

*

*

(then)

*

All I have do is watch. And make
sure it happens the way He wants it
to. He does the rest.

*

*

*

*

(then)

*

Hail, Satan.

*

Lee working hard to stay on top of her emotions: horror,
guilt, grief... *madness*.

*

*

LEE

*

It's okay, Mom, it's okay... it's
over now.

*

*

*

RUTH

It's over when we *stand upon the
sand of the sea, and see a Beast
rise up out of the sea.*

(then, very softly)

Hyle, Satan.

LEE

Stop saying that.

RUTH

Why? After all he made you what you
are today. His hand on your
shoulder, He guided you. Kept you
safe from memory, from the memory
of that terrible day when He came
to us.

(then)

Not once, not twice, but as many
times as He likes.

LEE

You mean Kobble?

RUTH

That's one of His names, yes. One
of His names on one of His heads.

LEE

But Kobble's gone now. He's dead. I
caught him.

(then)

And Carrie Anne Camera killed
herself yesterday, too. That was
the 13th. It's over.

Ruth looks at her daughter for a long time. And she softens,
a warmer light in her eyes, a smile threatening --

RUTH

(a pause, and very quiet)

You caught him. And now he's free.

And now Ruth looks to Lee's effigy, down along the barrel of
her shotgun that's pointed at its head.

RUTH (CONT'D)

And you're free, too, baby girl.

And with no discernible change in her expression --

Ruth fires the shotgun --

Shattering the Effigy's head into a splintering mess of porcelain shards --

Leaving behind a cloud of dust hanging suspended in the air
over its headless trunk --

And with that shot --

Lee is stricken by a crushing pain in her own head --

An impossible pain that buckles her knees and sends her down
onto the dirt ground on all fours --

Letting her gun spill from her hand so that she can grip her
skull with both hands, breathing shallowly into the dirt --

The rush of pure energy that's invading her mind --

Lee squeezes her eyes close, as tightly closed as they will
go, trying to stave off pain --

LEE

What's... what's happening to me?

RUTH

But I can never be free --

Ruth bends down, embraces Lee in a warm hug, there on the
ground, next to the headless body of Lee's effigy --

RUTH (CONT'D)

Someday maybe you'll have one of
your own...

Lee doesn't see it when Ruth draws a syringe from her pocket--

RUTH (CONT'D)

And maybe you'll understand how
much I loved you, Lee...

She sticks the syringe into Lee's neck, depresses the plunger

RUTH (CONT'D)

And all of the terrible, terrible
things I've done, ...

Wild bewilderment in Lee's eyes as she falls back onto the
ground, trying to focus on the twisted trees overhead --

RUTH (CONT'D)

(warbles)

I

do them

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)

all
for you.

*
*

And now all ambient sound is cutting out, the trees over Lee's head spinning and swirling, the sky collapsing, and --

*

116

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - LEE'S ROOM - NIGHT

116

We are back in 1974, with Lee when she was a child, on the night Longlegs first came into her house, into her life.

She's just cracked her bedroom door open to listen to the quiet of the house. No voices below, no scuffling.

So quiet. And then --

FOOTFALLS coming up the old wooden stairs --

9 year-old Lee stiffens, slips back into her room, behind the door, closing it tight and holding it closed --

The doorknob turns in her hand. She tries to hold it in place, but then --

HER MOM/RUTH
(on the other side of the
door)
Lee? Honey?

The knob turns in Lee's little hand and the door opens and Ruth comes in. It's 1974 and Ruth is still "all there", a strong single mom who's *making life work for both of them*.

HER MOM/RUTH (CONT'D)
Why are you up?

9 YEAR OLD LEE
I heard noises.

HER MOM/RUTH
No you didn't. Come on. Back in bed.

She helps Lee into bed. The bedside lamp is still on.

Lee's little head on her pillow, her Mom sitting over her, looking into her eyes, *making a smile work for both of them*.

9 YEAR OLD LEE
What's happened?

HER MOM/RUTH
Nothing. Everything's fine.

Neither of them believes it, but Ruth's eyes are working hard to *make this version of the truth work for both of them*.

HER MOM/RUTH (CONT'D)

What do you want to do tomorrow? Go to the toy store?

9 YEAR OLD LEE

You already said we could.

In the dim light of her bedside lamp, little Lee is watching her Mom carefully, silently complying when her Mom curls up next to her, taking Lee into a cozy, spoon embrace. *

HER MOM/RUTH

Okay if I just lie here for a while?

The word 'lie' subtly strikes them both, and they stay very still, very silent in the warm light of the bedside lamp.

HER MOM/RUTH (CONT'D)

Would you like me to tell you a story?

9 YEAR OLD LEE

Okay.

HER MOM/RUTH

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Lee.

(then)

She lived alone with her Mother. In their little house in the woods.

(then)

And no one ever came to visit them. No family. No big bad wolves. Not anyone.

(then)

It was always just the two of them. Forever, and ever, and ever.

We hold on their faces for a long moment, their eyes open, not at all sleepy now, and --

Cut to BLACK.

OVER BLACK

We hear the warm **WHUMP** of the flame in a water heater, and --

Adult Lee wakes up, unsticking her eyelids to focus on --

The unmistakable **dressing room mirror** that we know to be in Longlegs' workshop. The work light over his work table.

Lee manages to get herself on her feet, wincing at pain in her arm, pain in her leg, a bruise on her forehead. *Jesus was she dragged down --*

She looks to the stairs that go up --

And she can see it's Ruth's kitchen up there at the top.

Of course Longlegs' workshop is in Ruth's basement, has been since Lee's 9th birthday when he came to visit, came back as many times as he liked, set up shop, and never left.

Lee shifts her vision, casting dull eyes around to see --

Satanic calendars and effigy parts pinned up on hooks: porcelain hands and feet, featureless heads that do not yet look like the little girls to whom they'll be given.

And there she sees the discarded head that Longlegs was working on when he cracked it...

*
*

Sitting atop a canvas body that's dressed as Ruby Carter, with Ruby Carter's trademark braids, fixed at the ends with little pink hair ties with little pink balls at the end --

*
*
*

Off Lee's mounting horror --

*

118

INT. RUTH'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

118

We wait on the open basement door for Lee to come up the stairs as quickly as her battered body will let her, going for the **old rotary phone**. But the line is dead.

From here she can see out the window to the driveway, Ruth's little car is gone, but her own brown Crown Vic with the blood-spattered windshield is still there.

And so is the old car under the tarp.

Lee looks to the **rack of keys** next to the basement door, the four or five of them that have **natty rabbit foot keychains**.

Her intuition rising up --

Letting her know which key it is. She pulls it loose and --

119

EXT. RUTH'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

119

Lee pulls the tarp off of the old car, revealing --

Longlegs' station wagon. And so --

120

EXT. ND ROAD - LONGLEG'S CAR - DAY

120

From a distance and slightly elevated, as if tracked by some terrible, unseeable bird, the old station wagon SPEEDS down the rural highway --

IN THE CAR WITH LEE (SAME)

*

Nothing she can do but drive this thing as fast as it will go, her glassy eyes staring hard at the road ahead, shining like mirrors with the onset of tears.

She **SCREAMS** once, as hard and as loud and for as long as she can before she has to stop to breathe again.

121

EXT. CARTER RESIDENCE - DAY

121

Lee pulls up in the station wagon, clocks **Ruth's little car**, already parked outside.

*

*

Lee looks to the house, so still and quiet. A death house.

*

Lee gets out of Longlegs' station wagon and goes swiftly up to the house, drawing her firearm but keeping it down by her leg. At the door, she listens, but doesn't hear anything.

*

*

She **KNOCKS**. She waits. And then --

The door opens to reveal **CARTER**, seemingly as normal as ever.

*

CARTER

*

Harker. Hey. You made it.

*

But can't he see how frayed and frazzled she is??

*

LEE

*

Made it to what??

*

CARTER

*

It's Ruby's birthday. Did Anna call you?

*

*

LEE

*

(covers)

*

Yeah. Is. Everything okay?

*

She has her gun down at her leg.

*

CARTER

*

Of course. Everything's great. Come on in. Come on in.

*

*

He stands back to let Lee in; she deftly palms her gun, slips it up into her sleeve, hoping he won't see it.

*

*

CARTER (CONT'D)

*

You're just in time. Miss Ruby's just started opening her presents.

*

*

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)

(calls off)

Hey, Ruby, look who's here!

Lee's eyes shift as she's led into the house, towards what is
now feeling like a deeply **UNSETTLING SILENCE**, into the --

122

INT. CARTER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

122

Where she first sees **RUTH** in a chair, her hands folded over a
small purse. She's wearing her casual nun's garb and a
practiced smile. She turns to acknowledge Lee with a small
nod, as she would a stranger, and not her daughter --

Anna is there, too, getting up and coming over to Lee.

ANNA

Hi there, Harker. It's really nice
that you came. Can I take your
jacket for you?

LEE

No. I mean. No thanks, I'm okay.

She looks across the room. There is Ruby, and next to her on
a short stool is **RUBY CARTER'S EFFIGY**.

RUBY

Harker, Harker, look what I got! We
won her from the church! Isn't she
so, so pretty?!

Anna indicates a chair for Lee --

ANNA
Here, sit, sit...

But Lee --

LEE
Is it okay, Mr. Carter, if I have a
word with you in private?

ANNA
(slightly put off)
Oh. Sure. Honey?

CARTER
It can probably wait, can't it,
Harker?

It can probably wait?? Lee is struggling to stay calm.

CARTER (CONT'D)
Sit down a minute and take it easy,
you just got here.

Lee is watching everyone as she sits, her pistol still palmed
and tucked up into her sleeve, out of sight.

Seated, Lee's eyes go to Ruby who is absorbed in the marvel
that is her effigy, the effigy that is smiling so pleasantly.

Lee looks to Ruth whose face is plain and betraying nothing.

The air so tense you could cut it with a --

ANNA
(playing hostess again)
I'm so sorry, Agent Harker this
is...
(she looks to Ruth)
Oh no, I forgot your name, too I'm
so, so sorry... I'm a terrible,
terrible, terrible hostess...

RUTH
Mary. My name is Mary. And please
don't be sorry. Be at ease in your
home.
(then)
Hello, Agent Harker.

Lee can't stop looking at Ruth. *Mary?? Agent Harker??*

LEE

Mary? No. No. Carter, this is my
mom. *She's the accomplice. She's
Kobble's accomplice.*

Carter looks over at Ruth. *Doesn't he care??*

He looks back at Lee, like she never said anything --

CARTER

Did you see what we got from the
church? Pretty special, I'd say.

Lee stares at him: the man she knew has been seemingly
replaced by a shell who isn't even pretending to know --

CARTER (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you say it's pretty nice?

His eyes aren't quite right. *Is he annoyed by her?* There is a
stiff, tense silence in the room.

ANNA

Maybe now would be a good time to
bring out the cake... Honey? What
do you think?

Carter is looking at Lee, less and less the man she knows
with each passing moment. He looks *pissed*, his jaw tensing.

CARTER

The cakes. Yeah. I'll find
something to cut up the cakes with.

But he doesn't get up right away. His eyes fixed on Lee.

A STRANGE SOUND escapes Anna's throat. A SUDDEN SOB that she
stifles by putting her hand to her throat.

CARTER (CONT'D)

(not looking at Anna)

What did you say? Honey?

Anna doesn't reply right away. Eventually --

ANNA

I just said... do you have to?

CARTER

(not looking at her)

Do I have to cut the cakes? Yeah I do. And it was your stupid fucking suggestion in the first place.

Lee stiffens at the sudden harshness, but no one else is moving, and Ruth is still looking plainly at Lee when she --

RUTH

Yes, he does, Mrs. Carter. He has to do it until it's finished.

Lee has to look away from this stranger who is supposed to be her mother, and looks to Ruby, absorbed in her effigy.

LEE

Hey, Ruby. How would you like to show me your room again?

(no reply)

Come on. Let's go. I really want to see it.

Lee shifts to stand up, gun tucked up into her sleeve --

CARTER

Sit down, Harker. Miss Ruby is fine where she is.

Lee stays seated, struggling to know what to do.

And now Carter stands up stiffly, slowly, with the deliberate rhythm of someone taking part in a solemn ceremony, looking across to Ruby and the effigy, while addressing his --

CARTER (CONT'D)

Anna? Would you join me in the kitchen, honey?

Carter puts out his hand and she lets her hand slowly float up, as if in a dream, taking his.

ANNA

(nervous hostess laughter)

Sorry. We'll be right back.

CARTER

No. You won't. I'll be right back. You'll still be in the kitchen.

ANNA

Oh. Right. Yeah. Of course. I'm terrible.
A terrible terrible terrible hostess.

Carter is holding his wife's hand, looking at Ruby who is still fixated on her effigy.

CARTER

And Miss Ruby Carter. You'll still
be here in the living room when I
come back. Won't you?

And even if he's mostly gone, he can't help but feel his heart snapping in anticipation of what he'll have to do.

Carter looks down at the ground, in shame, leading Anna away, disappearing through the swinging door to the kitchen.

The swinging door swings, then SUCKS closed behind them.

Leaving Lee with Ruth, and with Ruby, facing her own effigy.

Lee looks to Ruth, who hasn't stopped looking plainly at her.

LEE

Mom.

Ruth holds a moment, careful not to betray any emotion --

*

RUTH

You're not supposed to be here.

*

The coldness in her mother's voice, the thick stench of evil in the room, are too much for Lee, and her eyes spill tears.

LEE

Why isn't this over?

From the kitchen, ANNA'S VOICE... *speaking in tongues?*

RUTH

Because Carrie Anne Camera makes
12. 6 and 6. And so 6 remain.

LEE

Mom, what...

RUTH

6 6 6 is the mark of the Beast.
The cycle is incomplete.

They hear the JANGLE of a drawer being pulled open, and then the single SHING of a knife being drawn from that drawer.

Anna's strange speech is now turning to **pleading**.

LEE

What do I do?

RUTH

You leave. And let me finish this
for both of us.

(then)

All three of them have to die. And
five more families have to die. And
if they don't, then we will burn
and twist and burn in Hell for ever
and ever, and ever.

*
*
*
*
*

Ruth remains expressionless, even when they hear **the terrible sounds of Anna being stabbed to death in the kitchen**.

LEE

Mom, we can't...

*

Lee flinches, tenses, stands up.

RUTH

She's already dead.

*

Far too many stabbing sounds, **over and over and over again, the sounds getting wetter and messier**.

Lee goes to Ruby --

LEE

Okay, Ruby, come on. Let's go.

But Ruby doesn't respond, locked onto her effigy, oblivious --

The sounds from the kitchen now suddenly stop --

RUTH

YOU MOVE AWAY FROM THE GIRL AND YOU
WALK OUT THAT DOOR AND YOU LET ME
FINISH WHAT HAS TO BE DONE.

*
*
*

Lee's blood runs cold as she looks back to the kitchen door --

Just as Carter comes through it --

The door swinging open to reveal the gruesome carnage on the other side, the bloody husk of what used to be Anna Carter.

In the doorway, Carter is drenched in blood, his clothes soaked, the whites of his eyes wild behind a mask of blood.

The large kitchen knife trembling in his hand as he takes a swift step into the room, and another, and --

Lee slips the gun from her sleeve and --

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Three times in the chest, dropping him dead in a shocking instant.

Lee's gun-hand is shaking badly, her eyes wild with terror and shock as she lowers her gun --

Ruby and her effigy don't even seem to notice --

RUTH (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have done that.

And now Ruth is standing up from where she's been sitting --

The small purse from her lap now held in both hands in front of her, knuckles white, squeezes it with all her strength --

LEE

Mom. I had to, I --

RUTH

Please. Don't call me that... until
all of this is --

*
*

Ruth's eyes are slowly turning dark... *Insane...*

LEE

Mom --

Without warning, without any ramp-up, Ruth begins to SHRIEK --

RUTH

PLEASE DON'T CALL ME MOM OR MOTHER
OR MOMMY UNTIL ALL OF THIS IS
OVER!!!

*
*
*

Ruth claws at her purse, nearly tearing it open to produce a **long and twisted dagger, ancient and rusty and... SATANIC.**

Lee raises her pistol, her hand shaking, points it at Ruth --

Lee's voice cracking, tears pouring as she --

LEE

MOM. STOP.

But Ruth's eyes shine with madness, jaw set and locked like the gates of Hell, teeth gnashing together as she grips the handle on the twisted dagger, raising it as she SHRIEKS --

RUTH

HAIL SATAN!!!!

She rushes forward, straight for where Lee is shielding Ruby with her body, and before Lee can make stop herself --

BANG.

Lee shoots Ruth once in the center of her forehead.

Ruth's blood and brains spattering the wall behind her.

Ruth folds onto the ground like a broken-down cardboard box.

And Lee can't feel anything anymore.

Her eyes go blank with shock. Grief and sorrow will have to wait a long time to make their way to the surface.

Lee moves slowly. Lowering her gun hand slowly.

Turning slowly to check Ruby, who is still locked on her effigy like there is nothing else in the world --

Lee staggers a little, falters a little as she stands, her knees weak, trying not to fall back down again --

In a daze, Lee goes to a **telephone**, looking at it with the dull shock of someone walking away from a car accident.

At the phone, she picks it up, dials three numbers, brings the receiver to her cheek, listens to it RING.

VOICE ON THE PHONE

(click)

9-1-1 operator, what's your emergency?

Lee is looking back at little Miss Ruby. She doesn't know what to say to the voice on the other line --

After a moment, Ruby Carter unlocks her eyes from her effigy and turns her head to look at Lee, with no expression --

And then Ruby's effigy does the same thing and turns its head, stares blankly at Lee, too --

The effigy bares no expression --

But Ruby smiles just a little at Lee --

And even in her state of shock, Lee is chilled to the bone.

ON THE PHONE

Hello? 9-1-1 operator, are you
there? What's your emergency?

Lee remembers she has the receiver at her cheek --

LEE

(quietly, shakily)

Um. I.

*

ON THE PHONE

Ma'am, can you speak up? What's
your emergency?

*

*

*

She's looking at Ruby, and --

*

Ruby nods very slightly at Lee.

*

As if to say... *Good work, Harker.*

LEE

Nothing. Everything's fine.

*

Lee replaces the receiver, as if in a fog, in a fugue.

*

She looks to Ruby, puts out a trembling hand --

*

LEE (CONT'D)

Come on, Ruby, let's go.

*

*

122A

OMITTED

122A

*

123

INT. ND HOUSE - MORNING

123

The camera panning across **evidence of a Happy Birthday.**

Panning past the last-remaining wedge of cake, streamers and balloons. Crumpled pieces of colorful wrapping paper that served its brief purpose before being ripped to shreds.

Panning past a muted television: Reese Witherspoon making a splash on the Harvard campus in "Legally Blonde".

After all, the year is **2013**.

*

The camera not finding any people as it pans past a staircase, finally coming to rest on **the front door**.

We hold on this front door for a moment, and then --

DING DONG.

We hear a CHILD'S FOOTFALLS on the second floor, over our heads, like rolling thunder.

A **BIRTHDAY GIRL** rushes quickly down, her little hand smooth on the railing. She might be 9 or 10.

BIRTHDAY GIRL

Mommy, Daddy, there's someone at
the door!

BIRTHDAY GIRL'S MOM (O.S.)

(calling down)

You know not to open it! Wait for
me!

But the Girl is excited. It's her birthday, and so she unlocks the locks and swings the door open to reveal --

RUBY CARTER. Now 31 years old, and dressed in the same style of casual nun's garb we know from Ruth's terrible past.

She's got her trademark braids in place, fixed at the ends with pink hairbands.

There's a box next to her. Roughly the size of a child.

31 year-old Ruby Carter looks down at the Birthday Girl.

At first, she wears no expression, but then, like a switch being flipped, she's bubbly and buoyant, smile flashing.

31 YEAR-OLD RUBY CARTER

Congratulations! You've won!! A
gift from the church!!

(then)

Is it quite alright if I come right
on inside?

We know the answer will be *YES*.

*

And so we cut to **BLACK**, and --

*

THE END.

*